HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE WIDOW'S WANTS.

"Well, what do you want, my *sweet* one? Don't be bashful."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *No. 44, issued August 31, contains "Claudine's Doves," a story of Paris during the reign of the Commune, illustrated; "Viola's Sketch," by* MRS. W. J. HAYS, *illustrated; Chapter Fourteen of "The Moral Pirates," in which the boys become lost in a fog, illustrated; "Jed's First Half," one of* W. O. STODDARD'S *entertaining stories; "Some Inhabitants of Africa," a Natural History Sketch, illustrated; "The Uninvited Guest," the story of how a hungry little boy got his dinner; Chapter Eight of* LOSSING'S *"Story of the American Navy," illustrated by* DAVIDSON; *"I am the Lad that Follows the Plough," a poem by* MARY A. BARR, *illustrated by* FREDERICKS, *and set to music by* CHARLES ROPER; *a full page of Coney Island sketches; a musical anecdote, poems, puzzles, comics, a full Post-office Box, and other attractions.*

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

IN a late speech at Staunton, in Virginia, Senator WADE HAMPTON said: "With a united South casting 138 electoral votes, we need only New York and Indiana, and I believe we shall have them. Will Virginia, when we have success within our very grasp, sacrifice the Democratic party? Will she sacrifice the South?" That is the precise point. Shall "the South" control the government? The particular declaration that the principles which he was supporting were the principles for which LEE and Stonewall JACKSON fought, Senator HAMPTON denies having made. But whether he said exactly the words attributed to him or not, he made the speech, and the speech says nothing else. We do not mean, of course, that he intends to announce another war, but he desires the supremacy of "the South" in the Union. His loyalty is to his section, as LEE'S and JACKSON'S was. He feels, as most white men of his section feel, that "the South" is something worthy of a devotion which can not be paid to the Union. We certainly do not reproach Senator HAMPTON, or any other Democrat, for holding views for which he was willing to give his life, nor do we suppose that he or any other Southern Democrat feels any "repentance" for his part in the rebellion, or has changed his views of the nature, whatever he may now think of the power, of the national government. If the situation had been reversed, and we Union men had been defeated, and the government dissolved, undoubtedly we should have held that the event of the war did not determine the justice of the victorious view. We do not suppose that "the South," for which Senator HAMPTON speaks, has changed its mind, except in regard to methods. It would not attempt, under the circumstances, any kind of open rebellion, nor the restoration of slavery. In that sense it is loyal. But it does unquestionably mean to control the government, if it can obtain control by the most resolute suppression of the opposing vote at the South, and by success, as Senator HAMPTON says, in two or three Northern States. His appeal is, "Will Virginia sacrifice the South?" It is not, in our judgment, possible that upon a free and honest vote the people of this country would in this generation, and while the old party associations and divisions continue, intrust the government to the section and men and principles which attempted its destruction, whatever their acquiescence in the inevitable. We do not object to any body of voters endeavoring to acquire ascendency by legitimate means, but we object emphatically to an election carried by the Alabama plan and the Mississippi plan, and by terror and the tissue ballot. We presume no intelligent man believes that the vote in the Southern States will be in any sense fair or honest.

However much this sectional aspect of politics is to be regretted, the fact itself is undeniable, and it must be accepted. Senator HAMPTON states frankly and clearly the alternative offered by the candidacy of GARFIELD and HANCOCK. He puts it fairly and plainly. The election of HANCOCK is government by the South; the election of GARFIELD is government by the North. The sectional names are inevitable. They describe the two forces that have always contended for the mastery. The contest is the key of our politics, and it will continue, whatever the name of parties or the aspect of elections, until it reaches a natural end by the absolute supremacy of one idea over the other. For a generation "the South," slavery, and the Democratic party have been different expressions of the same political element. We shall not now discuss the causes of this fact; but when the ascendency of the South was imperiled by the election of LINCOLN, it flew to arms, and after a hard struggle it was overpowered. It has resumed its place in the Union, and hopes now to obtain the mastery of the government. "We need only New York and Indiana," says Senator HAMPTON, "and I think we shall have them." The Democratic party does not pretend to hope for success except by the solid electoral vote of "the South." Democratic success, therefore, would be wholly a Southern victory. Deduct the "solid South," and the Democratic party disappears. The sectional alternative is the result of our whole previous political situation; and admitting that the South has an equal right with any other political force to control the government if it constitutionally can, is it desirable that it should? Is there any great public and national object which is more likely to be obtained by a Southern than by a Northern administration? "The South" is a political phrase, like the North. It describes certain principles, policies, traditions, tendencies, a certain general spirit and character, which are familiar to every voter who knows our history. There is a Southern theory of the Constitution and the Union. It is as old as the government. Is it the one upon which patriotic and intelligent men wish to see the government administered? Are the historical results of those views, put into practice in the social, industrial, commercial, educational, and political systems and development of those States, such as to encourage the hope that in control of the government they would do more and better for the whole Union than the constitutional views and social and industrial systems of "the North"? Upon any specific subject, questions of finance and currency, or taxation, or protection of rights, or sectionalism, or administrative economy or reform, is it probable that "the South" would do better for us than the North?

And why, since slavery is gone, since the abstractions of State sovereignty are not to be reduced to practice, since the reasons for the existence of the South as a distinct political force have disappeared—why does Senator HAMPTON still speak of it as united? why is it conceded that it will be "solid"? Why is a Republican vote assumed to be hostile to "the South"? "The South," it must be remembered, is not only the political force and theory that we have mentioned, but it is now used by the Democrats to describe a Democratic white majority which has systematically and successfully cowed the colored vote, which in the days of the old "South" did not exist. This South is arrayed against Republicanism as its mortal foe. Now Republicanism is to be judged by Republican Administration. Is there in the measures of this Administration, which is that by which we are to be tried, anything unjust toward any section of the country? If there be any trouble or injustice in the Southern States to-day, is it caused by Republican administration, or by Republicans within or without these States, or by Democrats? The "South" is not "solid" because of Republican misconduct. The Democratic party is in power in every Southern State. It has everything its own way, and there is nothing in any Republican platform or performance which threatens in any manner any constitutional right of any citizen. The victory of "the South" in this election would not, therefore, be the redress of any wrong. It would be merely the transfer of the government to the control of the most sectional of sections, which would not hesitate to use the whole power at its command to compensate itself for alleged wrongs, and it would be the national approval of political theories subversive of national liberty. It can not be supposed that such a radical and alarming change of administration would confirm the present business prosperity of the country; that the most dangerous financial quackeries would not at once threaten industrial tranquillity; and that projects of recompense for all kinds of alleged losses would not immediately follow. This would be "change" with a vengeance, but not with advantage to any conceivable interest.

THE COMPARATIVE VIEW OF PARTIES.

THOSE who think that the national campaign is singularly quiet, and who recall the Tippecanoe-and-Tyler-too excitement of forty years ago, which alarmed JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, or the intense and painful interest of 1864, should remember that this election is not to be decided by the public feeling upon a single issue, but by comparative confidence in the two great parties. The vote will be very large, as usual in a Presidential election. There will be some scattering upon the Greenback and Temperance tickets, but the vast body of voters will support either GARFIELD or HANCOCK, according to the belief that one or the other represents the principles and policy which may be most trusted.

The personal abuse of candidates is mainly exhausted. The ablest and most conspicuous orators upon both sides rest their cause upon the legitimate grounds of party character and probability. The Democratic appeal, indeed, is chiefly for change. It asks, as a correspondent asks us, whether "any party is fit to govern the country for twenty years consecutively." The question answers itself. If, under any party rule, there are peace and general prosperity, if there be a universal conviction that the industrial and business situation is healthy, that taxes are diminishing, that administration is singularly honest and economical, that progress is constantly made in wise reforms, the situation proves that the party in power is fit to govern the country, whether it has been four or twenty years in power.

Our correspondent, who is a Southern Democrat, asks whether we do not honestly think that if certain policies of certain Republicans had been carried out, they would not have led to disaster, and whether, in fine, at one time under Republican rule "the country was not on the high-road to the d——?" But his question carries the highest praise of the party that he detests. For even if we should grant that the country under Republican rule was upon that road, he would not assert that it was there now, and if it is not, it is because the Republican party has had the force to correct itself, and by the purity, efficiency, and prosperity of its present administration to commend itself anew to public confidence. This is the worst possible time for the argument of change, and for two obvious reasons. The Republican party is peculiarly trusted because of its present administration, and the country is healthfully prosperous. At such a time the argument of "let well enough alone" is more persuasive than that of change. If the situation were different, if our correspondent and his Democratic friends could hope to show that the country was on that high-road of which he speaks, and to show it to unemployed and dissatisfied voters, the Democratic prospect would be more promising. As it is, the choice is between a party whose principles and leaders were swiftly carrying the country to the very end of that road, and one which prevented it from going there. The choice is between the parties, and the country sees that during the last four years the Democratic party has revealed its old spirit and purpose, while the Republican party, although with all the momentum of power, has shown that twenty years have not unfitted it for wise administration.

"SOLIDIFYING" ALABAMA.

THE report of the Republican State Committee of Alabama upon the frauds of the late election recites nothing unfamiliar, but it describes in detail the method by which "the South"—that is, the Democratic vote—is made "solid." The report should be generally circulated and read, because it treats of one of the ways in which popular government is overthrown by the Democratic party, and of the means by which HANCOCK'S electoral vote is to be obtained. The Democrats in Alabama, when they came into power in 1874, changed the excellent electoral laws, so as to make fraud easier. The changes are fully described in the report, and their purpose is obvious. One of the changes enables inspectors to "cook" the returns without difficulty, and another forbids distinguishing ballots by any kind of mark or number. It is curious to remark that the opposition to registries and every other method of preventing fraud and securing an honest election proceeds from the Democratic party. Naturalization frauds in New York, repeating in Connecticut, the Ku-Klux and bulldozing, the shot-gun and the tissue ballot, in the Southern States, are familiar Democratic devices for "a free vote and a fair count."

The Alabama report mentions one incident to which "the thoughtful patriot"—who is much satirized, but who is still the true American—should direct his attention, and meditate a Presidential election carried by such means. At one polling place in Montgomery County the Republicans received their tickets from one man, giving him their names, and going directly from him, holding the ballot in full view, and dropping it in the box. By actual count they polled 672 votes, and at the close of the poll one of the Republican inspectors demanded that the vote, as the law directs, should be counted immediately. The Democratic inspectors, one of whom was under indictment for "stuffing" ballot-boxes, objected under various pretexts. Presently a military company appeared, under orders from the Governor of the State, and "bayonets" surrounded the poll, summoned by Democrats to protect the accomplishment of their intended fraud against what they supposed would be the indignation of the swindled voters, under the plea that the inspectors were threatened. The "count" was then begun. After 116 Republican and 59 Democratic ballots had been counted, the candle was blown out, and the ballot-box vanished. When the candle was lighted, the box was found to be full of tickets, and the colored Republican inspector protested. His associates resented the imputation upon their integrity in so demonstrative a way that he retreated. Re-assured by his friends outside, the inspector attempted to return, but was told that having voluntarily abandoned his post, he could not resume it; and the other inspectors completed the count, making a return of 132 Republican and 540 Democratic votes. It thus appears that while of the 175 votes taken from the box when the Republican inspector was present 116 were Republican, of the 500 taken out when he had left his post only 16 were Republican. But if there were but 132 colored Republicans, how could they have terrorized 540 colored and white Democrats so as to require an armed military company to protect them?

This is the Democratic respect for what the party platform calls "the right preservative of all rights." It is open, undeniable, and undenied fraud. It is the method by which the Democratic party intends to carry "the South," and while it is doing so, it denounces exposure of the crime as shaking the bloody shirt. It is the most deadly crime against popular government and national peace; but if any Republican chooses to call attention to it instead of discussing the currency or reform, he is accused of fighting the war over again. It is gravely asserted that if we lived in the Southern States we should all do the same, and that under no circumstances should we submit to "negro rule." That is merely to say that intelligent citizens would not tolerate the government of the ignorant. It is untrue. The greatest city on the continent tolerates it. Hundreds of communities everywhere in the country tolerate it. Popular government always takes that risk. But the man, or the party, or the community, that attempts to prevent it by fraud or force, overthrows popular government and invites anarchy. The white voters in Alabama and Mississippi and South Carolina, when they stuff ballot-boxes to prevent "negro rule," cheat New York, New England, the Northwest, and the whole Union of its honest and legal will. Reform of this infamous outrage upon the central principle of our institutions is the most urgent of all reforms. The systematic destruction of the honest vote of large districts is a peril which necessarily takes precedence of all other issues in a popular government.

REPUBLICAN NEW JERSEY.

THE New Jersey Republicans have nominated one of their best and strongest men for Governor. Mr. FREDERIC A. POTTS is one of the original Republicans whose character and fidelity have done so much to build up the party wherever they have lived. It is the kind of nomination by which the party may gladly ask to be judged, and it is pleasant to know that such a man surely unites the Republican voters of the State. If party nominating conventions would remember that there are no "claims" but character, ability, and experience, such nominations as this of Mr. POTTS would be more frequent, and the hold of the party upon public confidence would not be easily relaxed. Voters do not acknowledge the kind of "claim" which is urged upon a convention of politicians, and consequently a nomination which may carry a convention will not necessarily carry the poll. Mr. POTTS has been prominent and active in New Jersey politics for some years, and he is a man of large business interests. The Republicans of New Jersey by his nomination have taken perhaps the best step to secure a general Republican victory in the State.

GENERAL BUTLER.

GENERAL BUTLER, like Colonel FORNEY, has returned to the Democratic party. The General has labored zealously for many years to secure the Republican nomination for the Governorship of Massachusetts, but his success has been disproportioned to his zeal. He was elected to Congress after the war, and was an extreme Republican, and at times a conspicuous political figure. He was especially derided and denounced by the Massachusetts Democrats, to whom he now returns in order to take command of them. But the General was never at home in the same political camp with Senator SUMNER and Governor ANDREW. Governor ANDREW, indeed, always looked upon General BUTLER and General CALEB CUSHING as statesmen of the

same school, which was not his, or SUMNER'S, or that of Massachusetts.

For the last few years General BUTLER has been prominent as a Greenbacker and an Independent Democrat, and has stumped Massachusetts as a Gubernatorial candidate. His amusing appropriation or theft of the regular Democratic Convention two or three years since, with the indignant protest of the "regular" organization, is familiar. This year, however, it seems to be understood that if he chooses he will be the regular candidate of the Democrats. But should he decide to run, he can hardly be a strong candidate, since he can bring no votes from the Republican camp, and will undoubtedly alienate some Democratic votes. Nor can he bring the kind of prestige which Mr. ADAMS brought to the party when he accepted its nomination four years ago.

General BUTLER is a "smart" man, but it has been sometimes thought that he was altogether too smart. There is no significance whatever in his support of General HANCOCK, for he had already ceased to be considered a Republican, and there was nothing else for him to do, unless he declared for General WEAVER or General DOW. He will be more at home, doubtless, with his old associates, but even his stanchest and cleverest henchman, ex-Collector SIMMONS, declines to follow him into the Democratic camp.

RUSKIN REVIEWED.

MR. RUSKIN'S recent contemptuous criticism of WORDSWORTH has excited great attention in literary circles, and has occasioned a very vigorous and pointed rejoinder in the *Spectator*. RUSKIN says:

"WORDSWORTH is simply a Westmoreland peasant with considerably less shrewdness than most border Englishmen and Scotsmen inherit, and no sense of humor; but gifted (in this singularly) with vivid sense of natural beauty, and a pretty turn for reflections, not always acute, but, as far as they reach, medicinal to the fever of the restless and corrupted life around him. Water to parched lips may be better than Samian wine; but do not let us therefore confuse the qualities of wine and water. I much doubt there being many inglorious MILTONS in our country churchyards, but I am very sure there are many WORDSWORTHS resting there, who were inferior to the renowned one only in caring less to hear themselves talk."

Mr. RUSKIN admires his purity and innocence and calm, but he is helpful only to "such of the flock as do not stray."

The *Spectator* regards this as a very remarkable judgment from Mr. RUSKIN, because it is that of the mere man of the world. He sees where WORDSWORTH is feeble, as such a man would, and what is pretty; but he fails also to see what is grand and lofty, as such a man would. It is a dull, conventional criticism, the opinion of a man who has read without perceiving. He misses the point at every word. WORDSWORTH has not a very vivid sense of natural beauty, although his sense of wonder and awe in the contemplation of natural beauty is beyond that of any poet; and his verse, if sometimes namby-pamby, is never pretty. The *Spectator* shows that Mr. RUSKIN entirely mistakes the idea of the "Ode on Immortality." It is the judgment of a dull man, which Mr. RUSKIN has never before pretended to be.

"Mr. RUSKIN'S criticism on WORDSWORTH," says the *Spectator*, "is like the description of SHAKESPEARE as 'a very clever man who wrote those funny things about fairies and weavers and witches,' or the description of TENNYSON as the poet who wrote 'those pretty verses about the skipping-rope and the walk to the mail-coach.' We have often found Mr. RUSKIN perverse before, but never before found him trying to prove that what is really strong and deep is weak and shallow."

OLE BULL.

THE details of OLE BULL'S career have been published in all the papers, and the news of his death in his native Norwegian city has revived recollections of his extraordinary success in this country, to which he came in 1843. He appeared at the Old Park Theatre, and at once "took the town by storm." He was thirty-three years old, and a Scandinavian Apollo. When he advanced to the front of the stage from the wing, the immense audience burst into acclamations of pleasure at the sight of the tall, erect, broad-shouldered, deep-chested man in the prime of early manhood, and his robust, manly figure, with his smooth face and simple manner, was very striking to an audience accustomed to the French and Italian artists, mustached and bearded, and with a certain finical air.

That he was not a great musician, that his "Mother's Prayer" and "Niagara" and "The Prairies" were but names for instrumental tricks and improvisations, and that the critics, angry at our disregard of VIEUXTEMPS, who was here at the same time, sneered at OLE BULL as a charlatan, was of no avail. Wherever he went, crowds and enthusiasm followed him. There was a personal fascination in the vigorous, handsome man which, like that of HENRY CLAY, was irresistible, and he went through the country, a kind of Pied Piper of Hamelin—all the people dancing after him.

This enthusiasm, however, was soon spent. When he returned to this country in 1852, the frenzy for JENNY LIND had supplanted the feeling for him, and those who had shared in the acclamation of the crowds at the Old Park heard him play to audiences that but half filled Tripler Hall. He founded a Norwegian colony in Pennsylvania, which failed. He failed as an opera manager, and went home apparently ruined. In 1869 he returned to this country, married an American, and settled at the West. A year or two since he came to Massachusetts, and has occupied Mr. LOWELL'S house at Cambridge. The fame of OLE BULL will soon be but a tradition in the memory of those who heard him, except that LONGFELLOW, in "The Way-side Inn," has preserved the impression which he produced upon the sensitive and imaginative hearer:

"Last the musician as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood:
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race."

OLE BULL did not come to America in vain, to be so remembered and so commemorated.

THE "SATURDAY" AND GOLDWIN SMITH.

WE have already expressed our great pleasure in the simple and pathetic *Life of Cowper*, by GOLDWIN SMITH, contributed to that excellent series, "English Men of Letters." The London *Saturday Review*, however, takes the author seriously to task for many sins in the execution of his work. But the censure of the *Saturday* in this case is amusing to those who know that in its brilliant beginning, when it was making the reputation which it is now losing, GOLDWIN SMITH was a most valuable member of its staff, and contributed criticisms to its pages both of poetry and prose.

The life of COWPER is a melancholy story, and he can not be classed among the great poets. His career was singularly eventless, and his biographer must judge the poet's conduct by sympathetic study. Mr. SMITH has already said that his work was a labor of love, and he is not at all disposed to permit the dogmatism of the *Saturday* to pass unchallenged. He has lately made an interesting and temperate reply to some of the assertions and innuendoes of his London critic, and in literary controversy GOLDWIN SMITH asks no odds.

The *Saturday* tries to depreciate him as a critic of poetry; but Mr. SMITH, quoting from his own book, wholly overcomes his assailant, showing both his malevolence and stupidity, and an interesting illustration of elaborate misrepresentation and misconception he controverts by showing that his own theory of the facts is quite as plausible as his reviewer's, and is also sustained by HAYLEY and SOUTHEY, the two chief biographers, and by COWPER himself. The *Review* expresses a peremptory difference of opinion, asserting that the biographer can not follow his authorities even if he has read them, and the biographer retorts by showing that they agree with him. Those who read GOLDWIN SMITH'S *Cowper* will certainly concede that he has not only given us a touching story of a singularly sad life, but that he has fully achieved the purpose which he proposed to himself. "My aim was to give a simple narrative, containing all that was essential to the understanding and appreciation of COWPER'S work, with adequate specimens. I have connected him, more distinctly than previous writers have done, with the Evangelical movement, and whatever is connected with a special movement must, more or less, share its transitory character. I could not treat his religion as a biographer of his own religious school could have done, but I am sure that I have said nothing of it irreverent or unsympathetic. Much as I love his works, I could not claim for him a place in the first rank of poets; his memory would only suffer by such exaggeration; and had I disguised the weakness of his character, I should not only have deviated from truth, but have ruined the pathos of the story, and traduced what is worth more to humanity than even the best of his poems, the memory of the sacrifices made for his sake by heroic affection."

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

IT seems to be a popular, as it is certainly an excellent, fashion of the campaign, to publish the good opinions of the candidates entertained by their opponents. These are the amenities that humanize political contests. Messrs. THURMAN, BLACK, PAYNE, WATTERSON, and other conspicuous Democrats have cordially testified to the high personal character of General GARFIELD, whom they nevertheless oppose politically. The New York *World* agrees with Senator THURMAN; and now it appears that ex-Governor HENDRICKS, of Indiana, also, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1876, has formerly expressed, according to the Hartford *Courant*, this friendly opinion of the Republican candidate:

"I will tell you whom I think the Republicans should nominate, and whom I consider their strongest man; he is a true man, a man of principle, an honest man, and would make a good President for us all. Personally, I consider him the best man you could nominate. I refer to General JAMES A. GARFIELD, of Ohio."

MR. DILLON'S SPEECH.

How warm and serious the Irish feeling in and out of the House of Commons is becoming is shown by a late speech of Mr. JOHN DILLON'S at Kildare. Mr. DILLON is a member of Parliament, and Mr. FORSTER, the Irish Secretary, in his place in the House, described Mr. DILLON'S speech as "wicked and unpatriotic." As reported, the speech was certainly extraordinary, for Mr. DILLON is stated to have said that as soon as the Land Leaguers should have 300,000 men enrolled, they would refuse to pay rent entirely if their demands were not granted, and the whole military power of England would not be able to levy rent in Ireland.

This is simple revolution. If such a scheme were put in practice, with a complete organization and able leaders, it would be an Irish rebellion much more imposing than any of modern times. There is no doubt that the land question in Ireland is one of vital importance, and that the vote in the House of Lords upon the right of eviction shows how difficult a satisfactory settlement will be. Threats like those of Mr. DILLON, however, do not help the matter, which is one for the most sagacious, comprehensive, and patient statesmanship.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

THE Saratoga Monument Association held a meeting the other day, and resolved to proceed with the work, the Legislature having appropriated $10,000. The association resolved also to press the passage of the appropriation now before Congress, and to provide memorial stones for interesting points upon the battle-field. Ex-Governor SEYMOUR, the president, said that a little more care in expending the necessary appropriations now made for public buildings would save enough to erect suitable monuments everywhere of the deeds and the men that should be commemorated. Mr. CHARLES M. BLISS, the secretary of the Bennington Monument Association, which is proceeding with great care to secure a truly noble work, said that Congress was much more favorable to appropriations since it was understood that the associations asked only aid, dollar for dollar, and did not expect Congress to pay the whole cost of the monuments.

Such work as this is usually done by one man, and we suppose Mr. BLISS to be the active impulse of the Bennington Association, as Mr. WILLIAM L. STONE is of the Saratoga Association. It is mainly his diligence and tenacity which hold the society together, and except for him it is very doubtful if there would be any prospect of a proper commemoration of one of the great battle-fields of the world, and the most famous in New York.

BRITISH "PIRATES."

From the New York Times, August 27.

THE necessity of an international copyright treaty between the United States and Great Britain, for the protection of the interests of British authors in this country, becomes every day more apparent; but, curiously enough, it is not against American but British "pirates" that protection is needed. In the absence of international copyright between the two countries a custom had grown up among the leading American publishers of making pecuniary acknowledgment to British authors for early sheets of their books, amounting to the royalty ordinarily paid to native authors on the number of volumes sold; and there was an understanding that if the reprint were produced at a reasonable price, there would be no rival editions, and that arrangements with the British author would be respected. Under this equitable system, known here as "trade courtesy," American publishers were able to pay satisfactory prices for the reprint of the works of British authors, and none whose works commanded a popular sale had reason to complain of the pecuniary returns. This amicable and just system, respected by all reputable American publishers, had, of course, the drawback of not being legally binding, and certain British subjects resident in America have lately taken advantage of this to go largely into the "piracy" business, their victims being British authors whose works had attained a high pecuniary value in this country through the enterprise of their American publishers. In numerous instances these unauthorized editions have almost destroyed the American market for British authors, by compelling American publishers to greatly reduce the pecuniary acknowledgment for their works.

For seventeen years the Messrs. ROBERTS BROTHERS, of Boston, have been the recognized American publishers of JEAN INGELOW'S works, and during that time they have paid her some eighteen thousand dollars copyright. No American publisher ever dreamed of infringing on the unwritten law of "trade courtesy" which enabled ROBERTS BROTHERS to pay this royalty, and which secured to Miss INGELOW all the material advantages of international copyright. But one of her own countrymen, taking a mean advantage of the absence of legal restrictions, has issued an unauthorized, or, as our British cousins would say, "piratical," edition of her works for this country, without regard to her interests, the common amenities of trade, or the demands of moral right. He is guilty of the double wrong of lowering the pecuniary value of Miss INGELOW'S works in this country, and of foraging upon the profits of a market created by her genius and the enterprise of her American publishers. HARPER & BROTHERS paid Mr. TREVELYAN one thousand pounds for the advance sheets of his *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*. They issued the book in creditable style, at a reasonable price per volume, with the expectation that they would be undisturbed by rival editions. This expectation was not, however, realized. A rival edition, manufactured on the Canadian border, was published in New York by an enterprising British subject, who evidently felt no compunction in invading rights which he was not legally bound to respect. The HARPERS effectually killed this unauthorized edition by bringing out the work in one handsomely printed volume at a low price; but manifestly Mr. TREVELYAN would have been the sufferer had his pecuniary interest in the work been dependent on the sale of the authorized edition.

PERSONAL.

THE late ISAAC H. BROWN, the well-known sexton of Grace Church, in this city, enjoyed for many years almost a monopoly in the management of fashionable weddings, parties, and receptions. Perhaps the most notable occasion when he was in charge of the arrangements was the reception to the Prince of Wales at the Academy of Music in 1860. He was in charge of the arrangements at the great diamond wedding, which created such an excitement in society circles many years ago, and his portly presence at the wedding of Tom Thumb and LAVINIA WARREN created a strong effect by contrast. Mr. BROWN was a man of prodigious memory, and laid by a large stock of information regarding the people with whom he came in contact. Had he chosen to prepare a book of memoirs, the work would doubtless have been one of great local interest.

—Mr. W. F. DE HAAS, the well-known artist, died July 16, at Fayal, an island of the Azores, or Western Islands. Mr. DE HAAS visited the Azores last spring while suffering from an abdominal trouble. These islands, situated as they are almost in the middle of the ocean, and to the south of the passage between the British Isles and the Western Continent, are continually swept by the trade-winds. Here Mr. DE HAAS was industriously engaged in sketching, when he was seized with a violent attack of dysentery, from which he died. Mr. DE HAAS was fifty years old, and a native of Rotterdam, where he studied art in the Academy and in BOSBOOM'S studio. He had been a resident of this city for twenty-six years. His specialty was coast scenes, and few persons who visited the exhibition at the National Academy last spring will fail to remember his "Near St. John's, Newfoundland," and "Before the Squall." He was an industrious worker, and a lover of nature. He was a brother of Mr. M. F. H. DE HAAS.

—Professor SPENCER F. BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, has labored there for thirty years. His chief work has been in classifying fishes and birds. He is fifty-seven years old. He employs two or three stenographers for his correspondence. On his journeys he walks, refusing the aid of a horse. He never goes to a theatre or concert, or even to a lecture, because he wishes to retire early.

—Mr. YOSHIDA, the Japanese Minister, with his wife and three children, has gone to the sea-shore near Long Branch. He is an artist of considerable skill, and spent a part of the summer sketching in the Alleghanies and the Cheat River Valley.

—The London *Academy* says that Mrs. HAWEIS, in accordance with a suggestion frequently made by school-masters and others engaged in tuition, is preparing a *Chaucer for Schools*, founded upon *Chaucer for Children*, several thousands of which have already been sold. The book will be carefully annotated, and specially adapted to class lessons.

—The Bishop of Natal has completed his digest of the voluminous Blue-Books on the Zulu war. This work, which extends to 750 pages, has been set up by Zulus at the bishop's private printing-press at Bishopstown. In an appendix Dr. COLENSO makes some comments on Captain POOLE'S article on CETYWAYO in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and also gives an account of a visit paid to him in May last by a great deputation of Zulu chiefs, which included two brothers of the ex-king.

—Probably few persons have had so many proposals of marriage as Lady BURDETT-COUTTS. An eminent English widower lately said, "I myself have proposed to her, for I regard this as a duty that every man owes to his family." The lady is described as being rather large, and having white hair and a slightly florid complexion. The extensive gardens surrounding her residence at Highgate are always open to the children of the charity schools.

—The Crown Princess is said to be now the most popular lady in Germany. She would have gained the good-will of the Berlin population twenty years ago, had she not held, with invincible tenacity, to the idea of an English establishment at Potsdam. She wished to retain her servants, and to introduce the English style of household management. But only a few English sailors, with an officer, who form the crew of the miniature man-of-war on the Havel, are left to represent English service.

—M. GUSTAVE DORÉ is said to be engaged upon a picture painted on a colossal scale, like the majority of his Scriptural subjects, and illustrating the text, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

—It was GEORGE COLMAN, or some poet of the last age, who said that "on their own merits modest men are dumb," but had he lived to-day and visited Belgium, he might have sung a different song. Fifteen thousand applications have been made to the Belgian government during the last few months for the cross of the Order of Leopold. What a fascination has that bit of red ribbon in a button-hole!

—The Rev. S. F. SMITH, who wrote, "My Country, 'tis of Thee," is still living, in Newton, Massachusetts. He says he wrote the verses on a waste scrap of paper one dismal day in February, 1832, while at Andover Seminary, and "had no intention nor ambition to create anything that should have a national reputation."

—Ex-Senator POLAND, of Vermont, who has at last laid aside his beloved blue coat and brass buttons of the DANIEL WEBSTER pattern, is described by a writer in the Boston *Herald* as one of the finest-looking men in the Saratoga meetings of the American Bar Association, his snowy hair and side whiskers setting off to advantage a cheery face which bears every token of intellectual strength.

—Mlle. ROSA BONHEUR has just presented the Jardin des Plantes with a lion about three years old and a lioness a couple of years older, which she has lately made use of as models at her country residence in the department of the Seine-et-Marne.

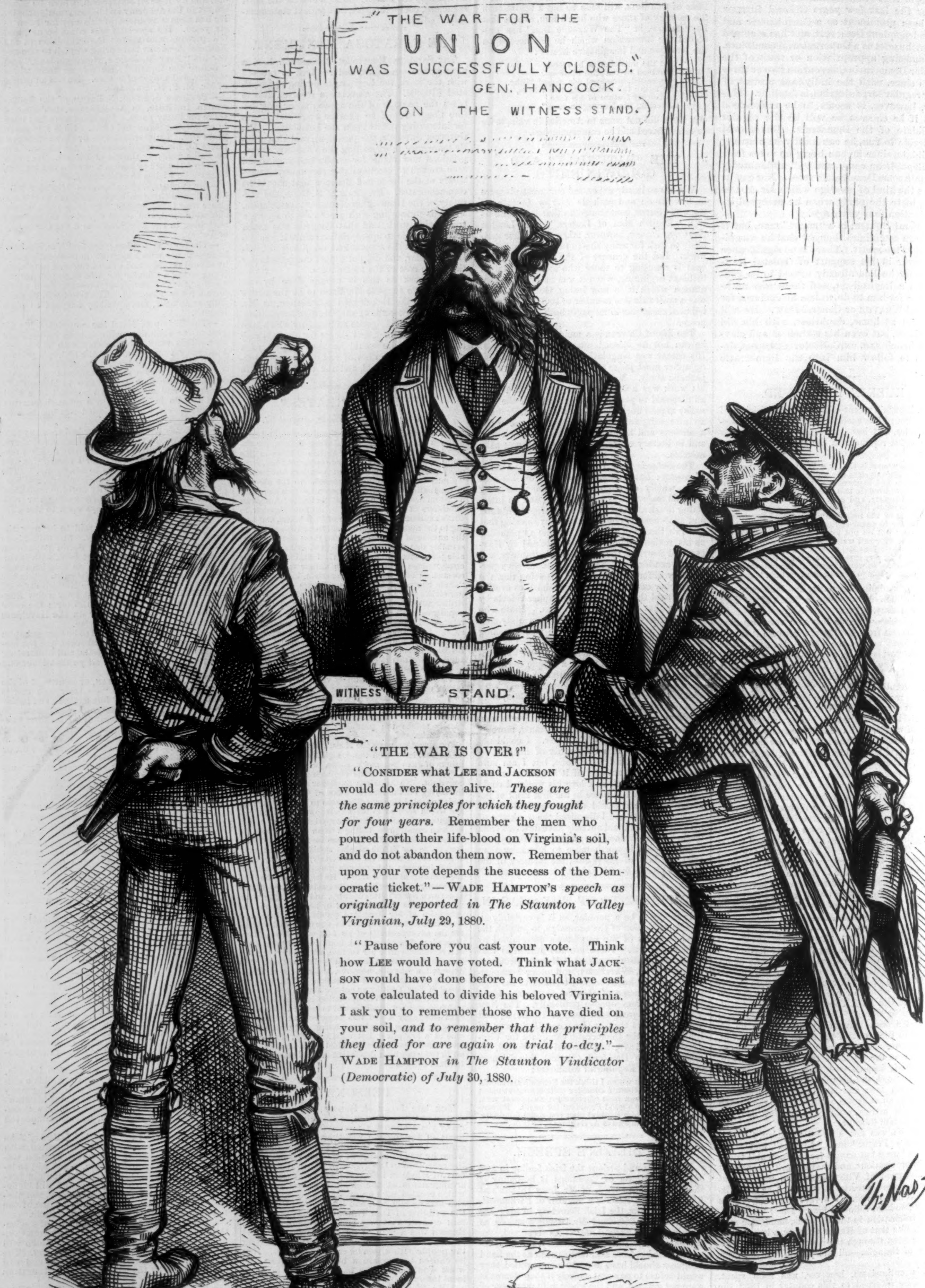
—Ouida writes to the Boston *Herald* to correct several statements made in a letter from Florence. Her father, she says, was not naturalized in England, and would not become an English subject because of the pride he took in his French nationality and family history. Her mother is living, and a member of her household, in which she has not forsworn the employment of male servants, neither are her ways of life so grotesque as has been described.

—The Fine Art Society of London intends, during the month of October, to exhibit a collection of the works of BEWICK, comprising many of the sketches from which he executed his drawings on the blocks, some of the blocks themselves, and other objects of interest connected with his professional career.

—A collection of the *Published Letters of John Ruskin, D.C.L.*, is to appear shortly, edited, with illustrative and explanatory notes, by "An Oxford Pupil." The first volume, which will be issued early in September next, will contain Letters on Art and Science; the second will be devoted to Letters on Politics, Economy, and Miscellaneous Matters. A fac-simile of one of the letters will be given with the first volume.

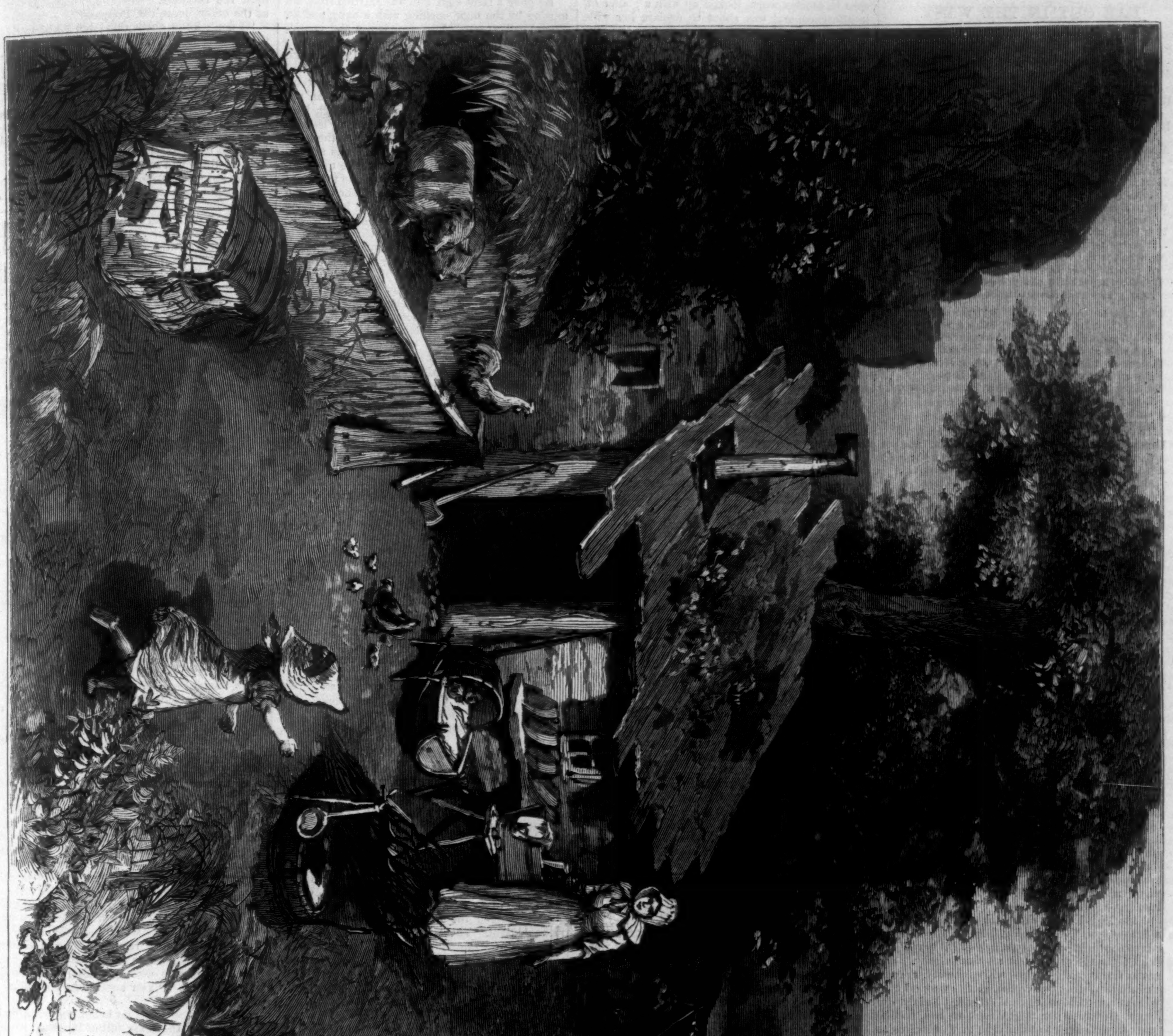
—*Thoughts in my Garden* is the title of a selection from the papers of the late MORTIMER COLLINS, edited by Mr. EDMUND YATES, which will be brought out by Messrs. BENTLEY & SON. The work will be issued in two volumes, and will contain notes by the editor and Mrs. MORTIMER COLLINS.

—It is a curious example of the irony of fate, says London *Truth*, that the new editor of *Punch* is a Roman Catholic. There was a time when *Punch* was so conspicuous for its attacks upon Roman Catholics that DOYLE severed his connection with it. At one period these attacks grew so virulent that the *Tablet* announced that if they were continued it would publish a series of accurate biographies of the *Punch* staff, beginning with the editor. The attacks stopped, and the biographies did not appear.



WADE HAMPTON'S DILEMMA.

SOUTHERN DEMOCRAT. "If you did not say it, we shall lose votes."
NORTHERN DEMOCRAT. "If you did say it, we shall lose votes."



THE SETTLER'S FIRST HOME IN THE FAR WEST.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Poem on Page 582.]

FAR OUT IN THE WEST.

[See Illustration on Page 581.]

I am poor; I am shabby. There's something about me
That fellows in broadcloth will look on askance;
The maids in their soft flowing flounces will doubt me,
And sneer if I offer my hand in the dance.
But when I am sad, there's a vision that cures me,
And lightens the heart that has sunk in my breast;
In daylight and darkness it ever allures me?
A jolly log-cabin far out in the West—
A shabby log-cabin, a shaky log-cabin,
A jolly log-cabin far out in the West.

Then ho! for the land where the sunset is glowing!
Good-by to the town with its perils and woe!
Where forests are waving and broad rivers flowing
There is room for a fellow whose pockets are low.
It is there in my fancy whatever befalls me,
It shows me the joys that are purest and best.
Ah, sweet is the vision that ever enthralls me:
A jolly log-cabin far out in the West—
A shabby log-cabin, a shaky log-cabin,
A jolly log-cabin far out in the West.

Who cares for the scorn of the city's proud daughters,
Where Fashion and Folly together agree?
There is one who will dwell by Missouri's fair waters,
And wait at the wash-tub for Love and for me.
The sounds that I hear are the voices of childhood,
The crow of old chanticleer doing his best;
The home of my heart is a home in the wildwood,
A jolly log-cabin far out in the West—
A shabby log-cabin, a shaky log-cabin,
A jolly log-cabin far out in the West.

I am poor, but I'm honest. The fetters that bind me
Will fall in the West like dead leaves from the tree;
A prince on the prairie the future shall find me,
As proud as the eagle, as wild and as free.
What words shall I borrow to tell of my rapture?
When eve warns the hunter of home and of rest,
With a gun on my shoulder, a deer as my capture,
I'll ride to the cabin far out in the West—
A shabby log-cabin, a shaky log-cabin,
A jolly log-cabin far out in the West.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Barbara; or, Splendid Misery," "A Strange World," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Vixen," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"AND VOLATILE AS AYE WAS HIS USAGE."

Another brilliant summer day, a cloudless blue sky, a world steeped in sunshine. On the broad gravelled space in front of the palace railings the heat and glare would have been too much for a salamander, and even Daphne, who belonged to the salamander species in so much as she had an infinite capacity for enjoying sunshine, winked and blinked a little as she crossed the shelterless promenade under her big Tussore parasol, a delightfully cool-looking figure in a plain white muslin gown and a muslin shepherdess hat.

Poor Miss Toby's chronic headache had been a little worse this morning. Heroically had she striven to fulfill her duty, albeit to lift her leaden head from the pillow was absolute agony. She sat at the breakfast table, white, ghastly, uncomplaining, pouring out coffee, at the very odor of which her bilious soul sickened. Vainly did Daphne entreat her to go back to bed, and to leave her charges to take care of themselves as they had done yesterday.

"We won't go to the forest any more till you are able to go with us," said Daphne, dimly conscious that her behavior in that woodland region had been open to blame. "We can just go quietly to the palace, and stroll through the rooms with the few tourists who are likely to be there to-day. The Fontainebleau season has hardly begun, don't you know, and we may have nobody but the guide, and of course he must be a respectable person."

"My dear, I was sent here to take care of you both, and I must do my duty," answered Miss Toby, with a sickly smile. "Yesterday my temples throbbed so that I could hardly move, but I am a little better to-day, and I will put on my bonnet and come with you."

She rose, staggered a few paces toward the adjacent chamber, and reeled like a landsman at sea. Then she sank helplessly into the nearest chair, and breathed a weary sigh.

"It's no use, Toby darling," cried Daphne, bending over her with tenderest sympathy. To be tender, sweet, and sympathetic in little outward ways, tones of voice, smiles, and looks was one of Daphne's dangerous gifts. "My dearest Toby, why struggle against the inevitable?" she urged. "It is simply one of your regular bilious attacks, and all you have to do is to lie quietly in a dark room and sleep it off, just as you have so often done before. To-morrow you will be as well as I am."

"Then why not wait till to-morrow for seeing the palace," said Miss Toby, faintly, "and amuse yourselves at home for once in a way? You really ought to study a little, Daphne. Madame will be horrified if she finds you have done no work all this time."

"But I do work of an evening—sometimes, dearest," expostulated Daphne; "and I'm sure you would not like us to be half suffocated all day in this stifling little saloon, poring over horrid books. We should be having the fever next, and then how would you account to Madame for your stewardship?"

"Don't be irreverent, Daphne," said Miss Toby, who thought that any use of Scriptural phrases out of church was a kind of blasphemy. "I think you would really be better in-doors upon such a day as this; but I feel too languid to argue the point. What would you like best, Martha?"

Miss Dibb, who employed every odd scrap of spare time in the development of her *magnum opus* in crochet-work, looked up with a glance of indifference, and was about to declare her willingness to stay in-doors forever, so that the crochet counterpane might flourish and wax wide, when a stealthy frown from Daphne checked her.

"Daphne would rather see the palace to-day, I know," she replied, meekly, "and I think," with a nervous glance at her school-fellow, who was scowling savagely—"I think I would rather go too."

"Well," sighed Miss Toby, "I have made an effort, but I feel that I could not endure the glare out-of-doors. You must go alone. Be sure you are both very quiet if there are tourists about. Don't giggle, or look round at people, or make fun of their gowns and bonnets, as you are so fond of doing. It is horribly unladylike. And if any stranger should try to get into conversation with you—of course only a low-bred person would do such a thing—pray remember that your own self-respect would counsel you to be dumb."

"Can you suppose we would speak to any one?" exclaimed Daphne, as she tripped away to her little bedroom, next door to Miss Toby's. It was the queerest little room, with a narrow white muslin curtained bed in a recess, and a marvellous piece of furniture which was washstand, chest of drawers, and dressing-table all in one, a fly-spotted glass, inclining from the wall above, being Daphne's only mirror.

Here she put on her muslin hat, with a bouquet of blue corn-flowers perched coquettishly on the brim, making a patch of bright cool color that refreshed the eye. Never had she looked prettier than on this midsummer morning. Even the fly-spotted clouded old glass told her as much as that.

"If—if he were to be doing the château today," she thought, tremulous with excitement, "how strange it would be! But that's not likely. He is not of the common class of tourists, who all follow the same beaten track. I dare say he will idle away the afternoon in the woods, just as he did yesterday."

"Martha, shall we go to the forest to-day, and leave the château to be done to-morrow with Toby?" Daphne asked, when she and her companion were crossing the wide parade-ground, where the soldiers trotted by with a great noise and clatter early in the morning, with a fanfare of trumpets and an occasional roll of a drum. "It might seem kinder to poor dear Toby, don't you know."

"I think it would be very wrong, Daphne," answered the serious Martha. "We told Miss Toby we were going to the palace, and we are bound to go straight there and nowhere else. Besides, I want to see the pictures and statues and things, and I am sick to death of that forest."

"After one day! Oh, Martha, what an unromantic soul you must be! I could live and die there, if I had pleasant company. I have always envied Rosalind and Celia."

"They must have been very glad when they got home," said Martha.

Out of the blinding whiteness of the open street they went in at a gate to a gravelled quadrangle where the sun seemed to burn with yet more fiery heat. Even Daphne felt breathless, but it was a pleasant feeling, the delight of absolute summer, which comes so seldom in the changeful year. Then they went under an archway, and into the inner quadrangle, with the white palace on all sides of them. It wanted some minutes of eleven, and they were shown into a cool official-looking room, where they were to wait till the striking of the hour. The room was panelled, painted white, a room of Louis the Fourteenth's time most likely, what little furniture there was being quaint and rococo, but not old. The blinds were down, the shutters half closed, and the room was in deep shadow.

"How nice!" gasped Martha, who had been panting like a fish out of water all the way she came.

"It is like coming into a grotto," said Daphne, sinking into a chair.

"It is not half so nice as the forest," said a voice in the semi-darkness.

Daphne gave a visible start. She had mused upon the possibility of meeting her acquaintance of yesterday, and had decided that the thing was unlikely. Yet her spirits had been buoyed by a lurking idea that he might crop up somehow before the day was done. But to find him here at the very beginning of things was startling.

"Did you know that we were coming here today?" she faltered.

"Hadn't the slightest idea; but I wanted to see the place myself," he answered, coolly.

Daphne blushed rosy red, deeply ashamed of her foolish, impulsive speech. The stranger had been sitting in that cool shade for the last ten minutes, and his eyes had grown accustomed to the obscurity. He saw the blush, he saw the bright expressive face under the muslin hat, the slim figure in the white frock, every line sharply accentuated against a gray background, the slender hand in a long Swedish glove. She looked more womanly in her white gown and hat—and yet more child-like—than she had looked yesterday in her blue and scarlet. All the delicacy and refinement of her beauty was set off by the more feminine costume.

They sat for about five minutes in profound silence. Daphne, usually loquacious, felt as if she could not have spoken for the world. Martha was by nature stolid and inclined to dumbness. The stranger was watching Daphne's face in a lazy reverie, thinking that his hurried sketch of yesterday was not half so lovely as the original, and yet it had seemed to him almost the prettiest head he had ever painted.

"The provoking minx has hardly one good feature," he thought. "It is an utterly unpaintable beauty—a beauty of color, life, and movement. Photograph her asleep, and she would be as plain as a pike-staff. How different from—"

He gave a faint sigh, and was startled from his musing by the door opening with a bang, and an official calling out, "This way, ladies and gentlemen."

They crossed the blazing court-yard in the wake of a brisk little gentleman in uniform, who led them up a flight of stone steps, and into a stony hall. Thence to the chapel, and then to an upper story, and over polished floors through long suites of rooms, every one made more or less sacred by historical memories. Here was the table on which Napoleon the Great signed his abdication, while his Old Guard waited in the quadrangle below. Daphne looked first at the table and then out of the window, almost as if she expected to see that faithful soldiery drawn up in the stony court-yard—grim bearded men who had fought and conquered on so many a field, victors of Eylau, Lodi, Jena, and Austerlitz, and knew now that all was over, and that their leader's star had gone down.

Then to rooms hallowed by noble Marie Antoinette, lovely alike in felicity and in ruin. Smaller, prettier, more home-like rooms came next, where the citizen king and his gentle wife tasted the sweetness of calm domestic joys; a tranquil gracious family circle; to be transferred with but a brief interval of stormy weather to the quiet reaches of the Thames, in Horace Walpole's beloved "County of Twits." Then back to the age of tournaments and tented fields, and lo! they were in the rooms which courtly Francis built and adorned, and glorified by his august presence. Here, amidst glitter of gold and glow of color, the great king—Charles the Fifth's rival and victor—lived and loved, and shed sunshine upon an adoring court. Here from many a canvas, fresh as if painted yesterday, look the faces of the past. Names fraught with mighty memories sanctify every nook and corner of the palace. Everywhere they see the cipher of Diana of Poitiers linked with that of her royal lover, Henry the Second. Catherine de Medicis must have looked upon those interlaced initials many a time in the period of her probation—looked, and held her peace, and schooled herself to patience, waiting till Fortune's wheel should turn and bring her day of power. Here in this long lofty chamber, sun-lit, beautiful, the fated Monaldeschi's lifeblood stained the polished floor.

"To say the least of it, the act was an impertinence on Queen Christina's part, seeing that she was only a visitor at Fontainebleau," said the stranger, languidly. "Don't you think so, Poppæa?"

Daphne required to have the whole story told her, that particular event in history not having impressed itself on her mind.

"I have read all through Bonnechose's history of France, and half way from the beginning again," she explained. "But when one sits droning history in a row of droning girls, even a murder doesn't make much impression upon one. It's all put in the same dull, dry way. This year there was a great scarcity of corn. The poor in the provinces suffered extreme privations. Queen Christina of Sweden, while on a visit at Fontainebleau, ordered the execution of her counsellor Monaldeschi. There was also a plague at Marseilles. The Dauphin died suddenly in the fifteenth year of his age. The king held a Bed of Justice for the first time since he ascended the throne. That is the kind of thing, you know."

"I can conceive that so bald a calendar would scarcely take a firm grip upon one's memory," assented the stranger. "Details are apt to impress the mind more than events."

After this came the rooms which the Pope occupied during his captivity—rooms that had double and treble memories: here a nuptial-chamber; there a room all a-glitter with gilding—a room that had sheltered Charles the Fifth, and afterward fair, and not altogether fortunate, Anne of Austria. Daphne felt as if her brain would hardly hold so much history. She felt a kind of relief when they came to a theatre where plays had been acted before Napoleon the Third and his lovely empress in days that seemed to belong to her own life.

"I think I was born then," she said, naïvely.

There had been no other visitors—no tourists of high or low degree. The two girls and the unknown had had the palace to themselves, and the guide, mollified by a five-franc piece slipped into his hand by the gentleman, had allowed them to make their circuit at a somewhat more leisurely pace than that brisk trot which he usually insisted upon.

Yet for all this it was still early when they came down the double flight of steps and found themselves once again in the quadrangle, the Court of Farewells, so called from the day when the great Emperor bade adieu to pomp and power, and went forth from the palace to foreign exile. The sun had lost none of his power—nay, had ascended to his topmost heaven, and was pouring down his rays upon the baking earth.

"Let us go to the gardens and feed the carp," said Nero; and it was an infinite relief, were it only for the refreshment of the eye, to find themselves under green trees and by the margin of a lovely lake, statues of white marble gleaming yonder at the end of green arcades, fountains plashing. Here under the trees a delicious coolness and stillness contrasted with the glare of light on the open space yonder, where an old woman sits at a stall, set out with cakes and sweetmeats, ready to supply food for the carp-feeders.

"Yes; let us feed the carp," cried Daphne, running out into this sun-lit space, her white gown looking like some saintly raiment in the supernatural light of a transfiguration. "That will be lovely. I have heard of them. They are intensely old, are they not?—older than the palace itself?"

"They are said to have been here when Henry and Diana walked in yonder alleys," replied Nero. "I believe they were here when the Roman legions conquered Gaul, when Geneviève drove back the invaders. One thing seems as likely as the other, doesn't it, Poppæa?"

"I don't know about that; but I like to think they are intensely old," answered Daphne, leaning on the iron railing and looking down at the fish, which were already competing for her favors, feeling assured she meant to feed them.

The old woman got up from her stool and came over to ask if the young lady would like some bread for the carp.

"Yes, please—a lot," cried Daphne, and she began to fumble in her pocket for the little purse with its three or four francs and half francs.

The stranger tossed a franc to the woman before Daphne's hand could get to the bottom of her pocket, and the bread was forth-coming—a fine hunch off a long loaf. Daphne began eagerly to feed the fish. They were capital fun, disputing vehemently for her bounty, huge gray creatures which looked centuries old—savage, artful, vicious exceedingly. She gave them each a name. One was Francis, another Henry, another Diana, another Catherine. She was as pleased and amused as a child, now throwing her bit of bread as far as her arm could fling it, and laughing merrily at the eager rush of competitors, now luring them close to the rails, and smiling down at the gray snouts yawning for their prey.

"Do you think they would eat me if I were to tumble in among them?" asked Daphne. "Greedy creatures! They seem ravenous enough for anything. There! they have had all my bread."

"Shall I buy you some more?"

"Please, no. This kind of thing might go on forever. They are insatiable. You would be ruined."

"Shall we go under the trees?"

"If you like. But don't you think this sunshine delicious? It is so nice to bask. I think I am rather like a cat in my enjoyment of the sun."

"Your friend seems to have had enough of it," said Nero, glancing toward a sheltered bench to which Miss Dibb had discreetly withdrawn herself.

"Martha! I had almost forgotten her existence. The carp are so absorbing."

"Let us stay in the sunshine. We can rejoin your friend presently. She has taken out her needle-work, and seems to be enjoying herself."

"Another strip of her everlasting counterpane," said Daphne. "That girl's persevering industry is maddening. It makes one feel so abominably idle. Would you be very shocked to know that I detest needle-work?"

"I should as soon expect a butterfly to be fond of needle-work as you," answered Nero. "Let me see your hand."

She had taken off her glove to feed the carp, and her hand lay upon the iron rail, dazzlingly white in the sunshine. Nero took it up in his, so gently, so reverently, that she could not resent the action. He took it as a priest or physician might have taken it; altogether with a professional scientific air.

"Do you know that I am a student of chiromancy?" he asked.

"How should I, when I don't know anything about you? And I don't even know what chiromancy is."

"The science of reading fate and character from the configuration of the hand."

"Why, that is what gypsies pretend to do," cried Daphne. "You surely can not believe in such nonsense?"

"I don't know that my belief goes very far, but I have found the study full of interest, and more than once I have stumbled upon curious truths."

"So do the most ignorant gypsy fortune-tellers," retorted Daphne. "People who are always guessing must sometimes guess right. But you may tell my fortune all the same, please; it will be more amusing than the carp."

"If you approach the subject in such an irreverent spirit, I don't think I will have anything to say to you. Remember, I have gone into this question thoroughly, from a scientific point of view."

"I am sure you are wonderfully clever," said Daphne; and then, in a coaxing voice, with a lovely look from the sparkling gray eyes, she pleaded, "Tell my fortune, please. I shall be wretched if you refuse."

"And I should be wretched if I were to disoblige you. Your left hand, please, and be serious, for it is a very solemn ordeal."

She gave him her left hand. He turned the soft, rosy, childish palm to the sunlight, and pored over it as intently as if it had been some manuscript treatise of Albertus Magnus, written in cipher, to be understood only by the hierophant in science.

"You are of a fitful temper," he said, "and do not make many friends. Yet you are capable of loving intensely—one or two persons perhaps, not more; indeed, I think only one at a time, for your nature is concentrative rather than diffuse."

He spoke slowly and deliberately—coldly indifferent as an antique oracle—with his eyes upon her hand all the time. He took no note of the changes in her expressive face, which would have told him that he had hit the truth.

"You are apt to be dissatisfied with life."

"Oh, indeed I am," she cried, with a weary sigh. "There are times when I do so hate my life, and all things belonging to me—except just one person—that I would change places with any peasant girl trudging home from market."

"You are romantic, variable. You do not care for beaten paths, and have a hankering for the wild and strange. You love the sea better than the land, the night better than the day."

"You are a wizard," cried Daphne, remembering her wild delight in the dancing waves as she stood on the deck of the Channel steamer, her intense love of the winding river at home, the deep rapid stream, and of fresh salt breezes, and a free ocean life; remembering, too, how her soul had thrilled with rapture in the shadowy court-yard last night when her shuttlecock flew up toward

the moon. "You have a wonderful knack of finding out things," she said. "Go on, please."

He had dropped her hand suddenly, and was looking up at her with intense earnestness.

"Please go on," she repeated, impatiently.

"I have done. There is no more to be told."

"Nonsense. I know you are keeping back something; I can see it in your face. There is something unpleasant—or something strange—I could see it in the way you looked at me just now. I insist upon knowing everything."

"Insist! I am only a fortune-teller so far as it pleases me. Do you think if a man's hand told me that he was destined to be hanged, I should make him uneasy by saying so?"

"But my case is not so bad as that?"

"No; not quite so bad as that," he answered lightly, trying to smile.

The whole thing seemed more or less a joke; but there are some natures so sensitive that they tremble at the lightest touch; and Daphne felt uncomfortable.

"Do tell me what it was," she urged, earnestly.

"My dear child, I have no more to tell you. The hand shows character rather than fate. Your character is as yet but half developed. If you want a warning, I would say to you beware of the strength of your own nature. In that lies your greatest danger. Life is easiest to those who can take it lightly—who can bend their backs to any burden, and be grateful for every ray of sunshine."

"Yes," she answered, contemptuously; "for the drudges. But please tell me the rest. I know you read something in these queer little lines and wrinkles," scrutinizing her pink palm as she spoke, "something strange and startling—for you were startled. You can't deny that."

"I am not going to admit or deny anything," said Nero, with a quiet firmness that conquered her, resolute as she was when her own pleasure or inclination was in question. "The oracle has spoken. Make the most you can of his wisdom."

"You have told me nothing," she said, pouting, but submissive.

"And now let us go out of this bakery, under the trees yonder, where your friend looks so happy with her crochet-work."

"I think we ought to go home," hesitated Daphne, not in the least as if she meant it.

"Home! nonsense. It isn't one yet; and you don't dine at one, do you?"

"We dine at six," replied Daphne, with dignity, "but we sometimes lunch at half past one."

"Your luncheon isn't a very formidable affair, is it?—hardly worth going home for."

"It will keep," said Daphne. "If there is anything more to be seen, Martha and I may as well stop and see it."

"There are the gardens, beyond measure lovely on such a day as this; and there is the famous vinery; and I think, if we could find a very retired spot out of the ken of yonder beardless patrol, I might smuggle in the materials for another picnic."

"That would be too delightful," cried Daphne, clapping her hands in childish glee, forgetful of fate and clairvoyance.

They strolled slowly through the blinding heat toward that cool grove where patient Martha sat weaving her web, as inflexible in her stolid industry as if she had been one of the fatal sisters.

"What have you been doing all this time, Daphne?" she asked, lifting up her eyes as they approached.

"Feeding the carp. You have no idea what fun they are."

"I wonder you are not afraid of a sunstroke?"

"I am never afraid of anything, and I love the sun. Come, Martha, roll up that everlasting crochet, and come for a ramble. We are going to explore the gardens, and by-and-by Mr. Nero is going to get us some lunch."

Martha looked at the unknown doubtfully, yet not without favor. She was a good, sober, conscientious girl, but she was fond of her meals, and a luncheon in the cool shade of these lovely groves would be very agreeable. She fancied, too, that the stranger would be a good caterer. He was much more carefully dressed to-day, in a gray travelling suit. Everything about him looked fresh and bright, and suggestive of easy circumstances. She began to think that Daphne was right, and that he was no Bohemian artist, living from hand to mouth, but a gentleman of position, and that it would not be so very awkward to meet him in Regent Street in years to come, when she should be shopping with mamma and Jane.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT AND EDUCATION.

THE fact that the Republican candidate for the Presidency was once the head of a college makes the discussion of the relations of the national government to education very timely. General Garfield has said of himself, "I feel at home among teachers, and I look back with more satisfaction upon my work as a teacher than upon any other work I have done." We owe to him the presentation in the Lower House of Congress of the bill which established the National Educational Bureau. Perhaps it may be his good fortune, if elected, to recommend such measures as will, through the more perfect fostering of education, secure the perpetuity of our institutions.

The moment this discussion is begun, one is met by a school of thinkers who cry, "Hands off! this is a government of limited powers, and can not constitutionally meddle with the education of the people; that belongs to the States." The stress of the work of schooling the people does come, without doubt, upon the States; but if all the States were to neglect their duty, the general government could not be carried on. A failure of intelligence in the people must result in a failure of the republic; the nation must at least foster education. And so thought Washington and others of our founders. Washington, in one of his first messages to Congress, urged the importance of "the promotion of science and literature." In his will he bequeathed a considerable sum for the founding of a national university. Among the sagacious reasons which he gave for such an institution was the "assimilation of principles, opinions, and manners of our countrymen by the common education of a portion of our youth from every quarter." Jefferson, in one of his last messages, advised the appropriation of the surplus revenue, then accrued, among other purposes, to education. With the growth of slavery direct action of the nation in this sphere became impossible. Slavery is as much founded upon ignorance as liberty upon intelligence. It was the interest of the slave-holders to keep the slaves and poor whites in mental darkness. We have, however, entered upon a new period, new necessities have arisen, and it may be well inquired if these necessities do not call for new policies.

Be this as it may, the record of the national government as a fosterer of education in the States is one of great honor. As early as 1785 the Congress of the Confederation reserved lot No. 16 of every township of land in the Western territory for the maintenance of public schools. The ordinance of 1787 for the government of the territory northwest of the Ohio River declared that "religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged." The ordinance reserved section sixteen of each township for public schools, and two townships of each State formed out of the territory for the support of a university. The grant of lot No. 16 in each township was subsequently introduced, under the Constitution of 1789, to all the territories. In 1848, upon the admission of Oregon, this gift was doubled, and now every new Territory or State receives sections sixteen and thirty-six in each township for the support of public schools. The grant of two townships for the maintenance of a university has been made to every State admitted to the Union since 1800, with the exception of Maine, Texas, and West Virginia.

These measures, begun by the fathers, show the strength of their conviction that popular intelligence is indispensable to the life of popular institutions. Writing as late as 1822 to a friend, Madison said, wisely, "A popular government without popular information or the means of acquiring it is but a prologue to a farce or tragedy, or perhaps to both." When, therefore, in 1803, an act was passed granting to the State of Ohio three per cent. of the proceeds of the sales of public lands within its limits for the laying out of roads, a principle was adopted which was capable of a variety of applications. The three (and sometimes five) per cent. grants made to other States since 1803 have in some cases been expressly reserved for the support of education. The State of Illinois alone has received, under this liberal provision, over $700,000. When in 1836 a surplus of $28,000,000 and over was found in the National Treasury, it was divided among the States according to the ratio of their representation in Congress. Though not expressly so conditioned, it has been largely applied by the States to the maintenance of schools. Besides the gifts of lands already specified, sixteen States have received, under the act of 1841, half a million of acres, which some of them have devoted to the increase of their school fund; and under the laws of 1849, 1850, and 1860 a gift of 62,428,413 acres, under the name of "swamp lands," was made to fourteen States, which has also been partially devoted to education. Professor G. W. Atherton, of New Jersey, estimates the total amount of land given to the new States up to 1862 to be 137,718,871 acres, out of which has grown a school fund of $43,866,787.

Now the simple fact is that much of this noble endowment of education has been wasted. In some instances the lands given to the States have been sold at one or two cents an acre. In others the States have conveyed the public lands to the counties, and what has become of the proceeds no one can tell. Our Uncle Samuel has been a very prodigal uncle indeed. We have rioted upon his bounty, and have far less to show for the largesses bestowed on us than would have resulted from thrifty management. In most instances no conditions have been annexed to the gifts, and no supervision has been exercised over their use. States have been permitted to fool away, if they liked, all this splendid patrimony. From fear of intermeddling with them the national government has failed to apply the precautions necessary to make its grants in the highest degree useful. To take a single example, Ohio received three townships for the founding and endowment of universities; the total income from this splendid gift is $10,000 a year. Other States have done worse.

A great stride forward was taken in 1862. In that year an act was passed giving to each of the States 30,000 acres of the public lands for every Senator and Representative in Congress, the money obtained therefrom to be invested as a perpetual fund for the maintenance of colleges to be devoted to teaching agriculture and the mechanic arts. For the first time in the history of the national government the land grant for education was hedged in with specific conditions. The proceeds of the gift were to be invested as a permanent fund, and were to be applied to a strictly defined department of knowledge. The faithful use of the money, however, was left to the honor of the States. For waste or failure no remedy was reserved. The number of acres conveyed by this act was 9,600,000; they were sold at an average of seventy cents each, and produced $6,720,000. In eleven years from 1862 thirty-five of the States had founded institutions of the kind called for, with an average endowment of $179,645. In some of the States the funds were divided; in others, the money was conveyed to institutions already existing. In 1873 twenty-six of these colleges had farms, buildings, and apparatus of the average value of $129,743, making a total of over three millions. But this grant has been fruitful in other ways: it has stimulated States and private persons to add munificent gifts to the national endowment. Twenty-two of the colleges have received from these sources nearly five millions. In New York the Cornell University has grown out of this gift and the liberality of Ezra Cornell; in Connecticut the Sheffield Scientific School has received its benefits; in Rhode Island the money accruing was given to Brown University, on condition that the university should maintain a department of agriculture and the mechanic arts; in Missouri the avails of the grant, amounting to $325,000, were increased by State and personal donations to more than a million, and the whole used to revive and consolidate the State University. Never has an investment of the national government in education been followed by such quick and ample dividends. And let it be observed that the increased profit has grown out of the increased specificalness of the appropriation. And this fact suggests that we have entered at last upon the right line of procedure. If the national government wishes to protect its gifts from waste, it should describe with exactness what it wishes to be done. So far it has trusted the honor of the States, and, on the whole, not in vain; it *may* go farther, and hold the principal of the fund to be disbursed in its own hands, distributing the interest on conditions to be fulfilled by the beneficiaries. Perhaps this is the only way in which States very backward in the work of education can be brought up to the level of the forward States.

If we now review the action of the general government in fostering education as a whole, we will perceive that, with the exception of the grants of sections sixteen and thirty-six in each township for public schools, it has been intermittent and uncertain. Slavery, as already stated, has been a hinderance to thorough legislation. The public domain, too, has been considered by speculators as a rich prize to be won by persistent lobbying. Two hundred millions of acres have been given away in subsidies to railroads, and millions more have been asked for. The landed possessions of the nation are not infinite, and are rapidly disappearing. They are a common fund, held for the benefit of the States, and it becomes a question whether their proceeds should not henceforth all be held for the promotion of the education of the people. New necessities have been created by the events of the civil war. We have now out of every one hundred voters seventeen who are unable to read and write. According to the count of Professor Atherton, there are now 1,619,417 illiterate voters: "the difference in the aggregate vote of the two political parties in the Presidential election of 1872 was 762,991, or less than one-half the number of illiterate adult males." The illiterates can turn the scale at any time. That any one State is full of illiterates is a matter of national concern; it is a clog tied to the nation's feet. A dozen such States might, through their voting power in Congress, and in the choice of President, render well-ordered national progress almost impossible. And as we have such States, it behooves the government to take up education as a matter of national interest, and to address itself to the task of putting an end to illiteracy.

But how is this to be done? We answer that a pioneer has already shown the way. Between the years 1868 and 1877 the Peabody fund disbursed in thirteen Southern States the sum of $984,450 in aid of schools. The Peabody trustees proceed upon the principle of stimulating the laggard States, counties, and towns of the South to self-help; for every $300 raised for education by the people, they make a grant of $100. The nearly one million bestowed in the years named elicited an expenditure of nearly three millions for education by the Southern people. If the gift of a single citizen has effected so much, what might not the nation, with its magnificent resources, accomplish? The nation has a deeper interest in the elevation of the people of the South than Mr. Peabody had or could have. Mr. Peabody had but one short human life; the nation lives on for ages, and its life will be a life of glory or shame just in proportion as its people are or are not educated. Bills have been brought before Congress which propose to devote the entire proceeds of the sales of public lands hereafter to the education of all the people. That one which bears the name of Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, provides that all the proceeds of sales shall be held as a permanent fund, the income of which shall be apportioned among the States, the first ten years on the basis of illiteracy—after that, on the basis of population—for the support of common schools, normal schools, and the agricultural and technical colleges already established.

And this brings us to a brief notice of the National Bureau of Education, which has been suggested as the custodian and disburser of the proposed public land fund. The bureau was created on the 2d of March, 1867, by Congress, on the recommendation of the National Educational Association. It belongs to the Department of the Interior, and its head is a Commissioner appointed by the President. Its chief duty is the collection and diffusion of intelligence in respect to education in the whole United States. It is already in correspondence with more than four thousand schools, of all grades, from the Kindergarten to the university. The mass of information thus gathered is used in aiding the people of the States to establish and maintain efficient school systems. Incidentally it has collected a special library and a museum of specimens of school-work and school apparatus. Foreign commissioners sent to examine our school methods find here, carefully classified, the knowledge they seek. Circulars of information are printed and sent freely to the educators of the country; the work has been so well done that the bureau is aptly described as the "Educational Clearing-house of the United States." It attempts no supervision or control of the schools of any State or Territory; its sole office is that of help. It will be readily perceived that the functions of such a bureau are capable of indefinite expansion. In the memorial to Congress which preceded its creation it was urged that one of its services might be "an investigation of the management and results of the frequent munificent grants of land made by Congress for the promotion of general and special education." An estimate was ventured that these grants, if properly managed, would have produced the aggregate sum of $500,000,000; much as they have effected of good, they have produced no such sum. Indeed, but for the help of the bureau we would have had to-day no certain official knowledge of what use had been made of the grants. The Hon. Henry Barnard—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—served as Commissioner from 1867 to 1870. Failing to secure from Congress liberal encouragement, finding the appropriations for the support of the bureau reduced from $20,000 to $6000, Mr. Barnard resigned, and was succeeded by the present Commissioner, the Hon. John Eaton. If the bureau had done no more than call attention to the waste of our public lands, and the importance of securing from what of our domain that is left a fund for the encouragement of education, it would have fully justified its existence. Should Congress, in that better day of wiser legislation which is surely coming, see fit to adopt Mr. Hoar's bill, or one similar, the bureau can readily be charged with the care and disbursement of the fund thereby created. It would still be, in this matured form, but the fosterer of education, and would assume no control of State or municipal action.

The story is told of Mr. Seward that, being asked a question in relation to the national support of education, he abruptly dismissed the inquirer, saying that he had not had time to attend to the subject. The answer marks the age to which he belonged. The new era on which we have entered calls for statesmen of another type. The statesmen who prepared us for the war, and carried us safely through it, dealt with a few simple moral principles, and their application to political conduct. The statesman of the coming time will need to be familiar with the problems of education and finance, with the currents of domestic and foreign commerce—in short, he must be a close student of political and social science. Before long no one will be deemed "worthy the name of a statesman who does not include the highest education of the people in all his plans of administration." We have a sign that the new era is already begun in the fact that the Republican party has selected a man of this precise type as its candidate for the Presidency. General Garfield has devoted himself successfully to the investigation of the questions which have arisen since the close of the civil war. Having put forward a student, an educator, a Congressman of ripe experience, a general who won distinction in the field, we have linked together the old and the new, and have unconsciously recognized the requirements of an altered age.

GEORGE R. CROOKS.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GOING home from church she remarked to her husband, "Did you notice that bald-headed man in front of us, and how young he looked? I never saw any one so young before with a bald head." Then he shut her up by replying, "My dear, I was bald-headed before I was a year old."

A young lady wrote some verses for a paper about her birthday, and headed them "May 30th." It almost made her hair turn gray when it appeared in print "My 30th."

HUSBAND. "Mary, my love, this apple-dumpling is not half done."

WIFE. "Well, finish it, then, my dear."

"I have nothing but my heart to give you," said a spinster to a lawyer who had concluded a suit for her. "Well," said the lawyer, gruffly, "go to my clerk; he takes the fees."

Monsieur Matthieu was at a church wedding, when, as is the custom in Paris, one of the bridemaids passed about a velvet pouch to receive donations from the charitable for some charity. As she reached it to Monsieur Matthieu he smiled most bewitchingly, and with the air with which one declines a box of bonbons, said, "Not any for me, thank you."

A man dying left a thousand dollars to an individual who years before ran away with his wife. He said in his will that he never forgot a favor.

After all, it was a girl, and not a boy, who "stood on the burning deck"—it was Cassie B. Anca.

"Lemmy, you're a pig," said a father to his son, who was five years old. "Now do you know what a pig is, Lemmy?" "Yes, sir; a pig is a hog's little boy."

THE MOSQUITO.

Is this thine own peculiar year,
  Insect outrageous?
By day and night thou dost appear
  In field and grove umbrageous.

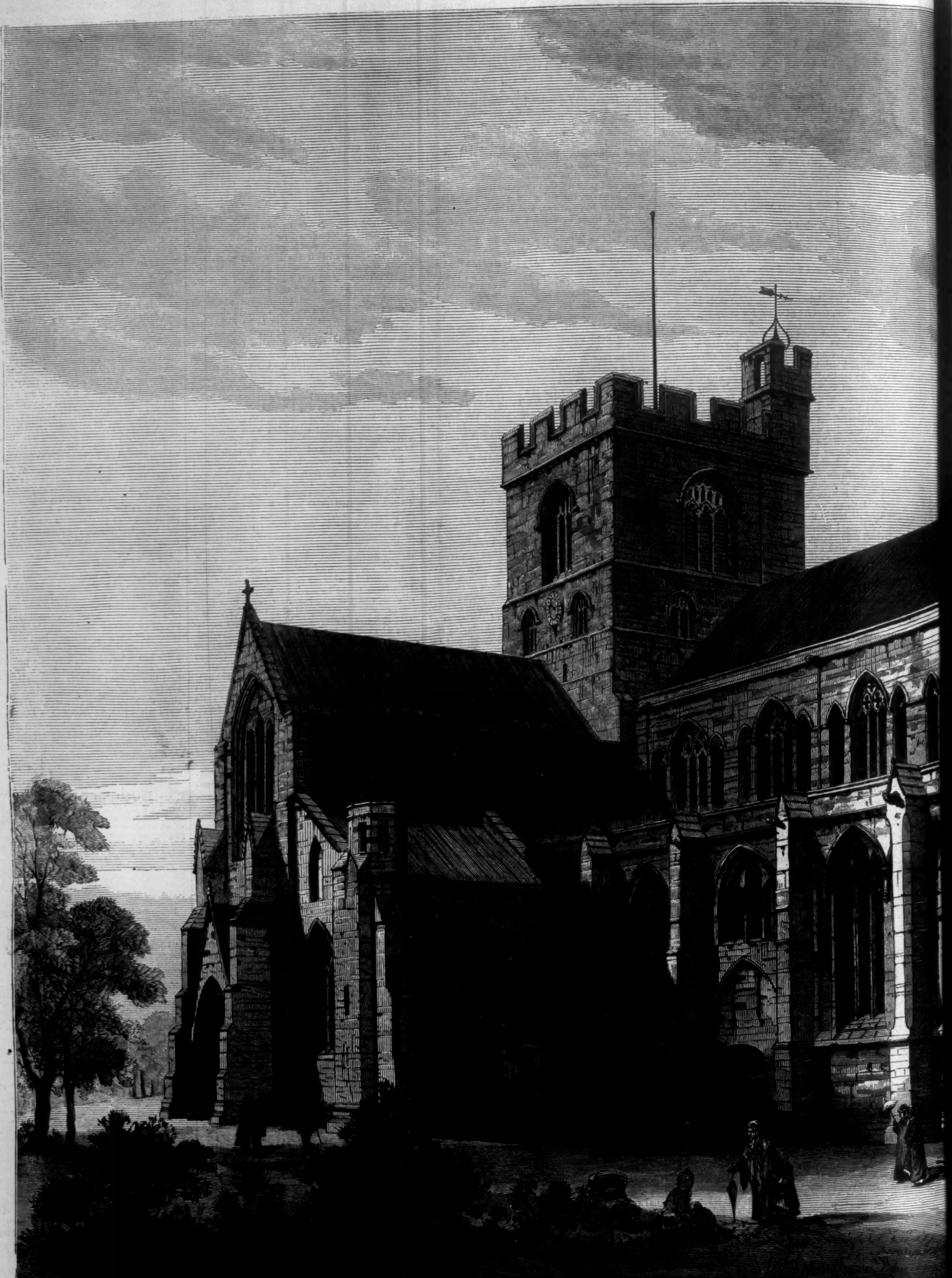
Once poet sang thee. "Filmy wings"
  His fancy gave thee.
Thou art instead a wretch that stings:
  No rhyming verse should save thee.

Thou'rt everywhere. We skirt the deep
  To hear thy singing:
That horrid drone doth ever keep
  Its irritating ringing.

The soft moon shone. Where dryads lurk
  She waited for me.
Vile, loathsome thing! it was thy work
  That made my love abhor me.

Neck, brow, and breast thou didst attack
  With awful malice;
Didst mix the tortures of the rack
  With Love's own glowing chalice.

Her dainty ankles with thy dart
  Thou didst discover:
With scorn she cast me from her heart,
  Her most devoted lover.



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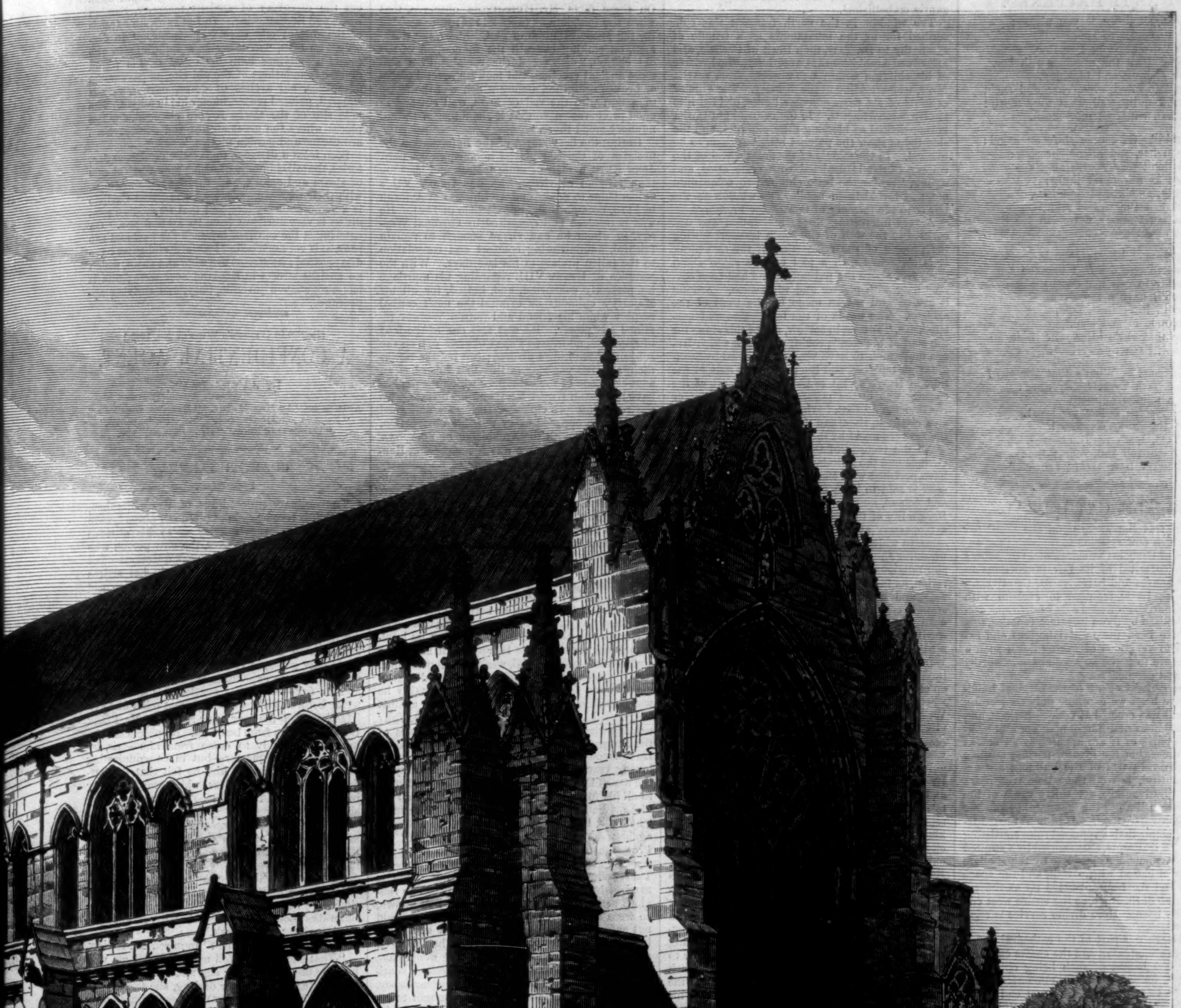


[CA]RLISLE CATHEDRAL.—[SEE PAGE 586.]

JUST AS IT HAPPENED.

TOM TYRREL, sit down, if you please;
I want to speak to you, sir.
I bid you "drop" Netty Demaine.
You danced all the evening with her.
I saw the smiling and blushing,
The waltzing and whisp'ring, and such,
And I know quite well what they mean:
No woman can fool me—*much*.

"An angel?" Of course she's an angel:
I've seen her, and heard her sing:
But men don't marry with angels—
At least as a general thing;
And beauty, and music, and love,
Are all just the silliest stuff.
If a man must marry, a woman
Is just about good enough.

And this "angel," Netty Demaine,
Isn't worth one dollar, I know—
Not a dollar to call her own—
And you'll have a million or so.
Any man in his senses, Tom,
Any man level and cool,
Could see that she's after your gold,
Or else—he's a tip-top fool!

"Rejected you?" What's that you say?
Rejected Tom Tyrrel! By Jove!
Rejected a million or more
To marry some fellow for love!
Confound the saucy coquette!
Why, Tom, I am really amused.
But, sir, I can tell you, your father
Would never have *staid* "refused."

CARLISLE CATHEDRAL.

WHEN the traveller gazes upon the mutilated structure which now remains to represent the ancient glories of Carlisle Cathedral, and remembers that it was curtailed of its fair proportions to erect guard-houses and batteries for CROMWELL's vandal bands, he is tempted to exclaim with STORER: "Of all the infernal acts of delirious despotism committed by those infuriate fanatics, this seems to have been the most laborious and expensive. The very idea of taking down such a massy structure to make a guard-house is worthy of the age and people."

What the general effect of the original building may have been we can now only conjecture. The cathedral was erected at various periods, and displays specimens of different styles of architecture. Some parts of it are apparently as old as the Saxon times, but the greater portion is more modern. Several parts of the building are extremely beautiful, but on the whole it appears to a great disadvantage, for thirty yards of the nave, or western limb of the cross, fell before the hands of CROMWELL's men. At present the cathedral is little better than a repaired ruin, consisting of a choir and transepts, surmounted by a stunted tower. The tremendous gap left by the spoilers was afterward closed with a wall, and the space between it and the transept fitted up as the parochial Church of St. Mary, as the entire west end had formerly been. Here divine service is regularly performed.

The arches in this part of the cathedral and in the transept are circular, and the shafts extremely massive, the height of each being only fourteen feet two inches, while the circumference is seventeen feet and a half. The east end of the cathedral from the transept is in the Gothic style of architecture. The choir is the most magnificent part of the building. It was begun by Bishop WELTON in the reign of EDWARD the Third, and finished by the succeeding bishops, APPLEBY and STRICKLAND. The expenses were chiefly defrayed by subscription; and indulgences and remissions of penance were also granted to such of the laity as should by money, materials, or labor contribute to the pious work. Copies of various orders and letters patent issued for the occasion are preserved in the bishops' register. The arms and devices of several contributors and patrons to the work were delineated on the inner side of the roof, which was vaulted with wood; but these were defaced or removed about the year 1764, when the choir was repaired, and the ceiling stuccoed in form of a groined vault. A manuscript of the arms is preserved in the Heralds' College. Among them are those of PERCY, WARREN, MUSGRAVE, and MORTIMER.

The beauty of this building is confined to the choir and its aisles, which are in a fine taste, and devoid of superfluous ornaments. Its antique grandeur is in the fragment of the nave, which, with the south end of the transept, and the basement story of the pillars that support the tower, has the true character of Saxon everlastingness. The pillars of the choir are clustered, and in excellent proportion; the arches are pointed, the inner mouldings of the capitals have figures and flowers in open-work of light carving, and the inside of the arches are pleasingly ornamented. Two galleries run above the aisles, but with windows in the upper only. The great east window, which is forty-eight feet by thirty, is a beautiful piece of tracery. The transept is heavy, and the great north window having failed about sixty years ago, one of plain tracery was substituted.

The cathedral has undergone frequent renovations. Forty years ago it was in a very dilapidated state, the exterior being much impaired by time. In 1846 the outside of the clear-story, on the north, was entirely restored; but in 1853 the work of restoration was commenced in earnest, and it was completed at the cost of £15,000. Both internally and externally the edifice underwent a general renovation, and but for these extensive repairs must before long have become a crumbling ruin. The doorway in the south transept is new, and is an admirable specimen of modern decorative sculpture. The capitals of the light shafts are richly ornamented with foliage and fruit deeply cut, and the mouldings are elegantly embellished.

The window in the north transept was subscribed for by the inhabitants as a tribute of sympathy to Dr. TAIT, then Dean of Carlisle, and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, who lost five of his children within a few weeks, from scarlet fever, while residing at the deanery. The window consists of six perpendicular lights, divided into twelve compartments. In the centre light Christ is represented as blessing little children, and the side lights show the parents bringing them to be blessed. In the middle of the great wheel of the tracery Christ is depicted with open arms, and saying, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." The window to the left is to the memory of Chancellor FLETCHER.

A very interesting Runic inscription was discovered in the wall of the south transept during the process of the restoration of the cathedral. It is scratched with a tool upon a stone about three feet above the pavement, and had been covered over with plaster and whitewash. Around it are several marks made by the tools of the masons. The words of the inscription, as translated, are, "TOLFIN, in sorrow, raised this stone for the soul of his son," proving the work which RUFUS undertook to have been commenced by Scandinavian builders, and the probability that, at the time of RUFUS's visit to Carlisle, this part of the country was in the possession of the Danes, or Northmen, and that, having become Christianized and civilized, they had already begun to repair the ravages made by their heathen predecessors.

All the records of the original foundation of Carlisle and the introduction of Christianity there have perished with the lapse of ages. St. CUTHBERT is said to have founded, A.D. 686, a convent and school, and an abbey for nuns; but from BEDE's life of the saint it appears that there was a monastery at Carlisle before the time of the saint, to which Queen ERMENBURGA retired. But whatever the extent of Carlisle's prosperity, civil and religious, may have been, it was of short duration, as the merciless Danes murdered the citizens, and left the city an entire ruin, in which state it continued for nearly two hundred years, until the Norman invasion. To HENRY I. the merit of re-edifying Carlisle has generally been attributed, but its importance did not escape WILLIAM, who ordered it to be subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of Durham. In 1082 the Bishop of Durham considered it a part of his diocese, when WALTER, a Norman priest and follower of WILLIAM, assisted, it is alleged, by some Flemish settlers, had commenced the restoration of the ecclesiastical buildings, and dedicated the renovated monastery to the Virgin MARY. The laudable exertions of WALTER were amply rewarded. He became prior of the religious establishment, and was made governor of the city, which WILLIAM RUFUS caused to be fortified and otherwise repaired. HUNTINGTON explicitly states that this king in the third year of his reign re-edified the city of Caerluel, and placed in it inhabitants, chiefly husbandmen, from the south of England. But it was not till 1133, about thirty-two years after the foundation of the priory, that it attained its ecclesiastical pre-eminence, when HENRY I. raised it to episcopal dignity, made it the see of a bishop, and appointed Prior ETHELWARD or ADELUPH the first bishop. How much of the building was the work of WALTER it is now impossible to determine; but many writers affirm, with much probability, that the works were unfinished at the time of his death, that HENRY I. took it under his protection, endowed and placed in it regular canons of the order of St. AUGUSTIN in 1101, making his confessor and chaplain, ATHELWARD or ETHELWALD, its first prior, who was afterward its first bishop. DENTON gives the following account of the religious foundations in Carlisle:

"When the city was replenished with inhabitants, to maintain better policy, and to inform the people, instead of a nunnery which was there, and which WILLIAM RUFUS translated to Ainstaplighe (or rather, in recompense for the lands belonging to it, founded and endowed another there), HENRY I. founded a college of secular priests, in the second year of his reign, and made ATHELWALD, his confessor or chaplain (prior of St. Botolph's), first prior of Carlisle, dedicating the church to the honor of the blessed Virgin MARY, and endowed them with the tithes of the churches then founded in the forest of Englewood; but being hindered by the tumults and troubles of his time, he could not perfect all things before the thirty-third year of his reign, and then stricken with grief for the loss of his children, that were drowned coming from Normandy, by the counsel of Prior ATHELWALD, and to appease God for his sins, as he thought, he erected a bishop's see at Carlisle, and made the said ATHELWALD first bishop thereof, whom THURSTON, Archbishop of York, consecrated in 1133. In his stead, WALTER, another chaplain of the king, was made second prior of that house. A little before his election he had taken, by the king's license, a religious habit of a regular canon there, the bishop, on his consecration, having banished the secular priests, and established an order of regular canons."

Prior WALTER gave to the church of Carlisle forever several lands and the rectories of St. Cuthbert in Carlisle and Staynwings, and his grants were confirmed by the king and Bishop ATHELWALD. An ancient document, written about 1600, says: "The rectory of St. Cuthbert, in Carlisle, was founded by the former inhabitants before the Danes overthrew the city, and by them dedicated to the honor of St. CUTHBERT of Duresm, who in ancient times was lord of the same for fifteen miles about Carlisle. At the first foundation of the church every citizen offered a piece of money, which was a coin of *brass* then current, which they buried under the foundations of the church steeple, as was found to be true at the late re-edifying of St. Cuthbert's steeple, for when they took up the foundation of the steeple they found well near a bushel of that money." On these facts Mr. HUTCHINSON observes, that when the foundations (about 1776) were making for the present Church of St. Cuthbert, the workmen, on sinking beneath the foundation of the old church, "discovered the remains of a still more ancient erection, and took up several pieces of broken sculpture, among which was the figure of a nun with the veil or hood, well cut and in good preservation, so that it should seem the old nunnery stood there."

During the fiery storm of the Reformation the prelates of Carlisle played a conspicuous part. JOHN KYTE, a man of more talents and learning than religion or virtue, who was HENRY VII.'s ambassador to Spain, and Archbishop of Armagh in 1513, became Bishop of Carlisle in 1521. He was patronized and consulted by Cardinal WOLSEY, to whom he had virtue enough to remain faithful, administering comfort and consolation to the fallen prelate in his last days. With the scruples of HENRY VIII. regarding his marriage he perfectly concurred, and, indeed, for all his Majesty's opinions he evinced the most cordial respect while his friend and patron WOLSEY retained any power. He was also one of the four bishops who addressed Pope CLEMENT VII. on the subject of the king's divorce; but he was nevertheless a true papist, and this fact furnishes an answer to one of the calumnies which the papists have heaped on HENRY VIII. and his divines. To the reforming principles of the great and good CRANMER he opposed every possible obstruction, in conjunction with the Archbishop of York. Of a very similar character was his successor, ROBERT ALDRIDGE, a poet and orator of no ordinary celebrity, whose youth was complimented by ERASMUS for "*blanda eloquentiæ juvenis.*" Like KYTE, he was servile to the king, a papist in devotion, and a tyrant to his fellow-men. He encouraged HENRY in his six articles against all the exertions of CRANMER, and in one case only, that of "the bishop's book," did he concur in the immortal labors of that great and true divine. OWEN OGLETHORP, like his two immediate predecessors, appears to have had no permanent principle but selfishness. As a papist, he betrayed his religion in almost every act of his life, yet he as tenaciously clung to its alleged dispensing power, its intolerance and superstition. He appears to have been a plausible but superficial, weak, and unprincipled man. Queen MARY heaped honors and emoluments upon him. By some strange fatality he was chosen in 1554 one of the disputants against CRANMER, LATIMER, and RIDLEY, in which he fully evinced his great malignity to the principles of the Reformation, his barbarity, and intolerance. He was consecrated Bishop of Carlisle the following year, and in 1558, during the vacancy of the see of Canterbury, and in direct contradiction to all his former acts and principles, when all the bishops had refused to crown Queen ELIZABETH, "he only, the lowest of the tribe, the bitterest against the reformists and the interests of the Protestant Church, could be found to place the crown on the head of that greatest of princesses." The conduct of OGLETHORP on this occasion is marked by singular baseness or folly. The religious sentiments of the queen were well known, so were his own. At the coronation she would not suffer him to elevate the Host for adoration, because she "did not like it"; and had he been actuated by any rational ambition, he would have at least feigned conviction of Protestant sentiments, and retained his honors by his compliancy. On the contrary, he most foolishly sought to regain the confidence of those he had betrayed, by his violent opposition in Parliament to all the Protestant laws. In 1559 he declined attending the challenge of SEWELL to disputation, for which he was fined £250, and shortly after deprived of his bishopric, estimated at £268. "To incur," writes STORER, "the censure of so acute a judge of merit as ELIZABETH is alone a satisfactory proof of his turpitude; but his deposition proves that the malign effects of inveterate superstition had equally divested him of rationality and of virtue." He died soon after of apoplexy or a broken heart.

Among the curiosities of Carlisle Cathedral are a pair of tusks fastened by a rivet to a portion of the skull of some animal, upon which is engraved an inscription, apparently of a remote period. This relic has been preserved as the supposed charter horn given by HENRY I. to the prior of the house when he enfeoffed it with "the lands aparted or broken up for cultivation within the forest of Englewood, to be held *per quoddam cornu eburneum.*" The ceremony of investiture by a horn is very ancient, and was in use before written charters were introduced. The celebrated PUSEY horn in Berkshire was the symbol by which King CANUTE gave lands to the family of that name, and the Abbey of York was enfeoffed of its lands and revenues by ULF, a Danish prince, drinking wine out of a horn before the high altar. Two very richly embroidered but tattered copes are shown at Carlisle, one of crimson velvet worked with gold, the other of embroidered silk with eight curious figures of saints in needle-work. They were probably the ecclesiastical vestments worn by the last prior.

Historical events have placed Carlisle among the most famous of English cities, and it would be difficult to name another around which cluster so many interesting traditions. Originally it was a Roman station, *Luguvallum*, signifying a tower or station by the wall, from its proximity to the wall of HADRIAN. The Saxons abbreviated the name into Luel, and afterward called it Caer-luel, or the city of Luel. It is supposed to have been the principal residence of that great mythical personage King ARTHUR. The site was fortified either by the Conqueror or his son RUFUS, and the works were strengthened by DAVID, King of Scotland, who occasionally resided in the castle. It was afterward made a place of great strength and a Border fortress. Extensive remains of the ancient city lie buried beneath modern Carlisle. Seldom is the ground penetrated to any depth without the discovery of ancient masonry, Samian ware, and Roman coins. In LELAND's time traces of the ancient city were very visible. "In digging," he says, "to make new buildings in the towne oftentymes hath bene and now is found diverse foundations of the old cite, as pavements of stretes, old arches of dores, coynes, stones squared, painted pottes, money hid in pottes. The hole site of the towne is sore changed, for the places where the great stretes and edifices were are vacant and garden plottes."

Seen from a distance to-day, the numerous factories, the tall chimneys of which pour forth clouds of steam and smoke, and the square buildings, with their numerous windows, show that Carlisle is a manufacturing city, and that its modern condition is very different from its ancient one. On entering it the contrast between the past and the present is very marked. Its walls and gates have disappeared; its streets are wide and clean, which no ancient streets in England ever were; and it has altogether a juvenile, busy, and thriving appearance.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "AT HER MERCY," "BRED IN THE BONE," "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK," "WALTER'S WORD," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "HIGH SPIRITS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DESERTERS.

THE ordinary proceedings of Uncle Stephen, though it is true he did not often stir abroad, were too erratic to cause inquiry as to his absence from home; and, moreover, the only person who would have been privileged to ask questions—and had, indeed, occasionally done so in her artless way—was much too absorbed in her own sad thoughts to do so now. But nevertheless Mr. Durham was on thorns throughout the day lest some allusion should be made to his visit that morning to Bloomsbury. He fancied that he read suspicion in Amy's eyes, although at most she could only guess, of course, that he had been engaged on some expedition concerning Matthew; and he felt—what that gentleman's society had never before afforded him—a great relief and satisfaction when the hour came round for Mr. Frank Barlow's return from business. No practical help, indeed, was likely to come from him—nor, indeed, from any quarter—but in communicating what had happened to him he felt that the burden on his own shoulders, which was becoming intolerable, would at least be lightened by being shared.

Until after dinner, however, nothing could be said, on account of Amy's presence, who seemed more depressed about her sister's condition than usual.

"It is not only that she can not sleep," she said, "but her restlessness and anxiety during the daytime have become more acute. She is very still; but walks about her room continually, except when she is writing at her desk."

"What does she write?" inquired Mr. Barlow.

"That she will not tell me. When I am with her she does not do it; she shuts her desk and locks it (as though, poor darling, she feared even I should pry into her secret), and sometimes I have seen quite a heap of note-paper torn up to shreds and lying at her feet."

"It is a serious sign," mused Uncle Stephen.

"I fear so. Oh, Mr. Durham, I sometimes tremble for my sweet sister's reason."

"Hush! hush! let us not anticipate, Amy. Evil enough, God knows, has already befallen her."

"Yes, He knows it; that is my only comfort. He will surely find a way for her to escape that worst of calamities. I could almost wish—dearly as I love, deeply as I revere him—that Matthew's death and innocence could be established together. This suspense is becoming beyond her power to bear. If his fate could be put beyond a doubt, and his calumniators to shame, that would be almost better."

"It would be much better," assented Uncle Stephen, with a sigh that was almost a groan.

"They say 'time cures all,'" continued Amy, "but can it cure this? I try to look forward to some future when this calamity shall seem even to her to be overpast. It will leave its shadow, of course, for many a year; but, with her child to love and live for— No, I can not realize it," she added, with a little sob. "Oh, my poor Sabey!"

"My dear Amy," said Frank, gently, "it *will* be realized. The day of comfort for us all seems far off at present, but it will surely come. Life will have new conditions for Sabey, and, as you say, very hard ones; but we shall have your sister with us, and in the end like her old self."

He put his hand on hers, the open palm of which she had placed forlornly on the table; but it did not return his pressure.

"No, Frank, not like herself."

To Uncle Stephen, who was watching these two young people attentively, the contrast in their manner of speech was significant. Mr. Barlow, of course, was wrapped up in his promised bride—"We shall have your sister with us"—whereas Amy did not appear to contemplate the future as regarded herself at all. For the present at least it was evident she entertained no dreams of wedded bliss. Her life, like his, was wrapped up in another's, but that other was not her lover. Mr. Durham knew the passionate devotion which Amy entertained for her sister, and how capable she was of self-sacrifice; and he felt that if his fears, founded on what he had heard that morning, should be confirmed, the effect of the calamity that had befallen their little household might extend beyond it.

"If only that sting of the world's false judg-

ment could be taken away," continued Amy, meditatively, "I should have hopes for her."

"But, my dear Amy," urged Mr. Barlow, "I thought we had agreed that that very sting in rousing her to resentment had in some measure mitigated her despondency, and so far was therefore not to be deplored."

"It gave her a fictitious strength, Frank," she answered, sorrowfully, "but in producing her present excitement and disquiet has, I fear, disclosed a new danger. It is a sad lot to have but one hope in the world—that the memory of him we have lost should be rescued from execration."

"Nevertheless, darling, when that has been fulfilled there will be other hopes."

"It is possible," answered Amy, rising from her seat to go up stairs. "When one sees what has happened here—to the noblest—to the gentlest—everything seems possible in the way of evil. And it may be so in the way of good."

"When things are at their worst, as they are with Sabey, they must surely mend, my dear."

She only answered with a sigh and left the room.

The two men looked at one another significantly.

"I never saw dear Amy like that before," said Mr. Barlow.

"Have you never known what it is to lose faith in good?" inquired Uncle Stephen, abruptly.

"Well, really I don't quite understand the phrase. No night is so dark but it precedes the dawn. There is shadow as well as sunshine in the world, of course. If one reads one's Bible—"

"You will see," interrupted Uncle Stephen, "that there is a time when the clouds return after the rain instead of the sunshine. I have reached that time in the ordinary course. These poor girls have arrived there prematurely. God help them!"

"Still, as I have said, when things are at their worst they must needs mend."

"But what *is* their worst? It has not been reached in this case. I have been to Bleak Street."

"Great heavens! Have you heard news of Helston?"

"You used to call him Matthew," observed Uncle Stephen.

"Of course; did I say Helston?"

"You did, because you read in my face that he had gone off with Lucy Mortlock."

"And with the diamonds?" gasped Mr. Barlow.

"The one fact—if it be a fact—I conclude, involves the other."

"But is it a fact? It appears to me incredible."

"Then how must it appear to *me?*" returned Uncle Stephen, bitterly. "You shall judge, however, for yourself."

Then he told him all that had happened on his expedition that morning, even to the very words used by the two landladies, of which he had taken note. In this respect the identification of the man Butt with Matthew seemed to be complete. The personal description of him—middle or even under sized—"not so tall as yourself [Mr. Durham] by many inches," rather "heavy-built, with short brown hair," and especially with a manner suggestive of concealment—tallied with him as much as description could do. But the other circumstances were still more conclusive. The first woman had said that the man only called in the daytime—probably between one and two, when Matthew was supposed to leave Poulet Street for his dinner. Then again there was the date. On the very morning of that fatal Saturday he had called for the girl with the intention, as she believed, or pretended to believe, of marrying her. "And he looked," as the lodging-house maid had observed, "like one as knows the police is after him."

"These things are terrible," said Mr. Barlow, after a long silence, "but still they may be mere coincidences. Circumstantial evidence is at once the strongest and weakest of proofs. You saw with your own eyes and heard with your own ears, and are therefore the better judge; still— By-the-bye, you went to the register office, of course?"

"No; the woman did not indicate it. They had only told her, it seems, that it was in the neighborhood."

"Well, it does not much matter."

"You mean that a fraudulent marriage would only add another crime to— Give me a glass of wine, Barlow. Well, we must go through with this; though, since my help is useless, I would that I had been in my grave first. Where this woman is there is this man, of course; and I forgot to say I obtained her photograph. Here it is." And he threw it across the table to his companion.

Mr. Barlow took it up as though it had been a dead adder and opened it, holding it a long way off.

"To think," said Uncle Stephen, "that that was Sabey's rival."

"It is a pretty face," said Mr. Barlow, a little mollified by the inspection.

"True," replied the other, bitterly, "I had forgotten you were a young man. For a pretty face empires have been lost, and much more than empires—friendship and love and honor. Why should we wonder?"

"I wonder still," said Mr. Barlow, gravely.

"But do you still believe Matthew innocent?"

"I think it still possible it may be so. Yes, I do."

"Mr. Barlow," exclaimed Uncle Stephen, with emotion, "you are a good fellow; you have a sound heart. I have misjudged you. You are worthy of the girl of your choice. She is—" Here the door opened and Amy entered.

She saw that something had occurred to move them both, and looked from one to the other inquiringly. As they did not speak, however, "I am come for a glass of wine for Sabey," she said. And her eye glancing to the table fell on the open photograph.

"Where did you find this?" cried she, excitedly. "It belongs to Matthew, of course."

Uncle Stephen nodded assent. It did, alas! belong to him in a sense; and in thus answering her own question she had relieved them from a great embarrassment.

"For Heaven's sake," she continued, "do not let Sabey see it."

"Why not?" inquired Uncle Stephen.

"Because just now it would give her pain. That is the portrait of one to whom—years ago—poor Matthew was much attached. It was a boyish love, and, as I have heard, sadly misplaced."

"Did you know her?"

"Yes; she was the miller's daughter at Latbury. It is a sad story, but Matthew was in no way to blame."

"I will take charge of this," said Mr. Barlow, putting the portrait into his pocket. "It will be better under the circumstances to keep it out of the house."

"As you say, Frank, under the circumstances perhaps it will," said Amy. "The matter, however, you should understand, was never kept secret from dear Sabey. Matthew was incapable of concealment, even if anything had been to his discredit in the affair, which was not the case."

She took up the glass of wine which Mr. Barlow had poured out, and left the room with a somewhat firmer step than usual. Though not a word had been spoken against Matthew by either of her auditors, her tone had been firm too. Perhaps because they were men she suspected them of suspecting ill of him in such a matter.

As the door closed behind her, Uncle Stephen and Mr. Barlow exchanged a look of terrible significance.

"There, then, is the key of it all," said the former, despairingly. "The theory of mere coincidence is no longer tenable. If Lucy Mortlock is Phœbe Mayson, as she undoubtedly is, our last hope is gone. Is it not so?"

Mr. Barlow bowed his head in melancholy assent. Another of Matthew Helston's allies had deserted his cause. There was no one now who believed in his integrity save two helpless women.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE need of more extensive accommodations for the Congressional Library at Washington has long been felt by those who have had occasion to frequent that place. Not only are all the alcoves and galleries filled to overflowing, but the passageways and store-rooms are equally crowded. For some time past it has been impossible to arrange the yearly additions to the library. The commission appointed by Congress to report upon this matter conclude that a new building should be erected for the library, rather than to have any extension of the Capitol. Judiciary Square has been proposed as an excellent site for this purpose, and a plan is projected to erect a central building large enough to accommodate the library for many years; and when more room is needed, other buildings on the sides of the square can be connected with the central one.

A London paper speaks of the large importations from the Continent of a vegetable parchment now manufactured, which has all the qualities of that prepared from skins, and the advantage of being much cheaper. As the dressing of skins for parchment has given employment to a large number of people, this new mode may revolutionize a great industry.

Newspapers are printed in ten different foreign languages, including the Chinese, in San Francisco.

The cost of living in Paris has increased so much that the American colony is smaller than at any previous time for twenty years.

The "sand slag" of iron blast-furnaces has hitherto been supposed useless. An English manufacturer has discovered a way of making a cement of this slag by mixing it with lime, which it is said well supplies the place of the Portland cement, and is much cheaper.

A physician gives a physiological reason for eating the oyster in its raw state, this being almost the only animal substance eaten by preference in that state. The fawn-colored mass which constitutes the dainty of the oyster is its liver, and this is little less than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested without other help by its own diastase. The uncooked oyster is, in fact, self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking, for the heat employed immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers.

It will be remembered that last spring it was found necessary to close the college in Princeton, New Jersey, on account of the prevalence of a malignant disease among the students, causing several deaths. Bad water, owing to defective sewerage, was the cause of the sickness. The trustees of the college immediately appointed a sanitary commission of efficient men, and the practical results are that the college buildings have been thoroughly renovated, and an entirely new system of sewerage introduced, one which has been adopted in many European cities, and is thought to be perfectly safe. That the public feel a security in these remedial improvements is indicated by the assertion that the number of students that have applied for admission this fall is larger than ever before.

There are said to be about 3100 electric lights in use in this country, of which over 3000 are the Brush lights, made by the young Cleveland inventor, who is now thirty-one years old. His Cleveland company are working twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, turning out at the rate of $75,000 worth per month.

A dangerous type of malaria has prevailed to an alarming extent at Hart's Falls, New York. This has been caused by a large tract of marshy land, brought into such a condition by the diversion of the channel of the Hoosick River. This locality being outside of the village corporation, its Board of Health had no power to remedy the difficulty, and application for relief has been made to the Governor of the State. During the year 1879 it is estimated that fully five hundred persons, one-third of the population, suffered more or less from malaria. Physicians have been unable to check the progress of the disease, and for a long time could not determine its origin.

The building for the new National Museum, now being erected in Washington, will be an immense structure, covering two and a half acres of ground. There are to be over a hundred rooms for experiments and preparing articles for exhibition. When finished, it will be one of the most interesting places to visit in Washington.

A curious telephonic experiment is reported as made in Switzerland on the occasion of the federal fête of singers. A telephone had been placed in the Zürich Festhalle, and two conductors connected with the Basle telegraphic office, where a large audience had congregated. The distance from Basle to Zürich is about fifty miles. The Basle audience enjoyed the singing about as well as if they had been placed in the upper circle of an ordinary opera-house. At the end of the performance they proved their satisfaction by clapping hands, which the telegraphic wires transmitted with perfect fidelity to the Zürich performers.

The work of transferring the obelisk from the steamer to its destined place is slow and difficult, and many days will elapse before it is accomplished. In the mean time the little knoll in the Central Park, as the abiding-place of the monolith, is receiving constant and increasing criticism.

The Philadelphia *Medical Times* has an article, contributed by a physician, on the healthfulness of plants in living and sleeping rooms. Experiments made by him show the value of house plants as natural and perfect atomizers. He gives as a conclusion that every housekeeper can keep the air of winter rooms moist by having thrifty plants in them, and there is reason to believe that the lives of many persons who die from pulmonary complaints might be preserved by this agency, at once so agreeable and so salutary.

There is to be a grand national meeting of all the bicycle clubs in the country held this fall in Brooklyn. It is expected that a thousand bicyclists will be present, and they are to form a procession and visit Coney Island.

It is said that a thin coating of varnish applied to straw matting will make it much more durable, and keep it looking fresh and new. White varnish should be used on white matting.

At a recent meeting of the New York Fish Commission a committee was appointed to investigate the subject of salt-water fisheries, and to report upon the expediency of establishing a station of observation of their habits, and to propagate them. With the exception of the blue-fish, most of the valuable fishes for food have sensibly decreased during the past twenty years. The time has come when the fish-culture should no longer be confined to stocking inland lakes and ponds. The possibility of the sea being made to produce more of the favorite kinds of fish is now being rapidly demonstrated.

The United States have contributed about five millions of dollars during the past year to relieve the distress in Ireland.

The Japanese make a very curious and handsome kind of copper by casting it under water, the metal being highly heated, and the water also being hot. The result is a beautiful rose-colored tint, which is not affected by exposure to the atmosphere.

A drop curtain has never been used in the American Theatre, Philadelphia, the painted scene that slid together from the sides taking its place. A long-neglected law, imposing a special tax of $500 a year on each theatre, is now to be enforced, and back payments for many years are demanded. But the act defines as theatres all places of amusement using a drop curtain, and thus the American is exempted.

A Berlin journal has an interesting paper on the watering of horses—a subject to which too little attention is given by officers in command of mounted troops. The practice of allowing horses to drink only once a day is strongly reprehended. Fed as they are in European armies, they should be allowed to have as much as they want three times a day. On the march, also, horses should be allowed to drink whenever circumstances permit. Formerly men on the march were strictly forbidden to drink, but now, on the contrary, especially when forced marches have to be made in hot weather, care is taken that they shall be able to obtain water, as it is now recognized that the body must be compensated for the moisture it loses in profuse perspiration.

It is the opinion of the Superintendent in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing that a new design should be adopted for the National Bank notes. The old designs have been in use for many years, and every denomination except the one-dollar notes and the thousand-dollar notes has been counterfeited. The fact that a design for any denomination of National Bank notes is the same for all banks, with the exception of the name of the bank, renders the task of the counterfeiter comparatively easy. After having made his plate, he can throw out his notes as long as he finds a market for them; then when they become advertised as counterfeits, he can change the name of his bank, and go on with his printing from the old plate. Only two denominations of the greenbacks printed from plates engraved at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing have ever been counterfeited, while all the denominations of those printed from plates made by private companies have been counterfeited.

A QUEER CUSTOM.

IN China, when it is desirable to get rid of some very influential official, it is done in a most polite manner. He is not condemned to death. He only receives a neat parcel, containing a silken cord, with an imperial dispatch setting forth that, in consequence of his great virtues and many services, the emperor is graciously pleased to allow him to strangle or hang himself; and the recipient is thereupon supposed to write a careful answer, thanking his majesty for his consideration, and stating that the hint will be immediately taken.

As a rule the unlucky official does finish himself off with all dispatch. But a case occurred not long ago in Pekin which sadly outraged all feelings of Chinese court propriety. General Shang-yü, who, during the last China war, commanded the body of men which treacherously seized Sir Harry Parkes and several others under a flag of truce—most of the poor fellows dying afterward in great torment—was one of those indiscreet men whose tongues are too long for their safety. After the war he took a local command, and having once been rebuked by the empress-mother, indulged in some remarks about her character. Of course some kind friend told the empress; and some time afterward, a subordinate of Shang-yü's charging him with some offense, he was ordered to the capital for trial. He came, boldly trusting to his great wealth to escape unpleasant consequences. He was lodged in prison, but allowed to do much as he liked, and some of his wives used to come and see him daily.

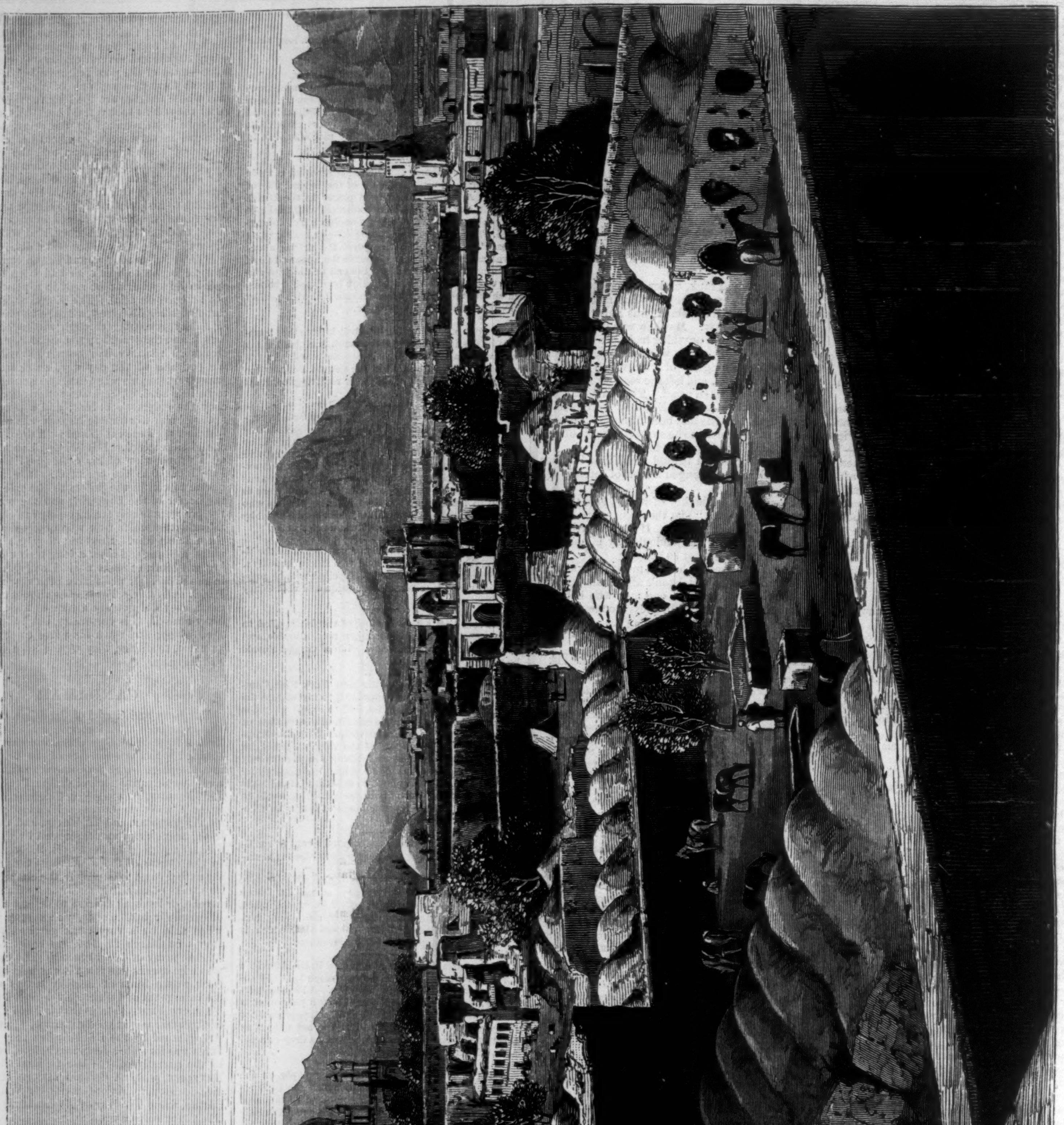
He staid there so long, and was so comfortable, that he began to think he had been forgotten, and in an evil hour he sent in a petition to be put at once on trial. The Emperor Tankwong had died since his arrest, and the empresses were in reality governing through the regent, Prince Kung; and General Shang-yü little knew that his incautious remarks had been repeated. When the petitions of the day were submitted to the junior empress, his was read, and he was ordered to be beheaded. There was nothing for it but to obey the empress's orders; and a decree "permitting" him to strangle himself was immediately drawn up, and sent to him with the usual package of silken cord. But Shang-yü didn't take at all a proper view of his duties, and he did not lend himself to the operation. It was not etiquette to call in the jailers to strangle him, and the bearer of the bowstring and the governor of the jail were hardly strong enough to cope with a tolerably muscular man who objected to letting them hang him. However, they got the cord round a beam, and after a long course of reasoning got him to mount a stool and put his neck in the noose. It must have been very much like Punch and Judy. For fear he should change his mind, they did not allow him to kick the stool away himself, as is customary, but pulled it away themselves; and when his wives came that day, as usual, to dinner, they were shown his corpse still hanging.

CANDAHAR.

THE town and citadel of Candahar, which now engage anxious attention, have held a beleaguered British force in by-gone times, and have been associated with the successes of the British arms in a campaign which was otherwise full of disaster. An adjutant-general of the Persian army, J. P. FERRIER, previously a Chasseur d'Afrique, wrote a book on *Caravan Wanderings* in Persia, Afghanistan, and Turkestan, and the unpublished manuscript was translated by Captain W. JESSE, and edited by the late H. D. SEYMOUR, M.P. In the course of the wanderings thus described the author came to Candahar, the citadel of which he speaks of contemptuously as "without glacis, ravelin, or flanking defense to defend a long line of curtain"; but, he adds, "it was strong enough, when held by a very weak garrison of British troops on March 29, 1842, to resist the whole Afghan army of 10,000 men." The occasion of which he speaks was when it was held by General NOTT, whose force of Bombay troops withstood the insurgents, and ultimately defeated them.

General FERRIER states that in 1845 the citadel of Candahar was in good condition, "having been strengthened by the British when they held it." What was its state a few years before, we can see by the narrative of the late General Sir HENRY HAVELOCK, who, as Captain HENRY HAVELOCK, aide-de-camp to Major-General Sir WILLOUGHBY COTTON, wrote *The War of Afghanistan*, 1838–39. The young soldier wrote:

"Candahar is situated on an extensive level, which is bounded on the north and west by picturesque mountains of primitive rock. The city is quadrangular, and its defenses uniform. They consist of a wall of mud, hardened by exposure to the sun, thirty-three feet in height, without *revêtement* of stone or brick. The *enceinte* is divided into curtains and semicircular towers, is strengthened by a low *fausser-braye*, and defended by a ditch ten feet in depth and twenty-four feet in width, at present only imperfectly filled with water, but which could in a few hours be well supplied from the canals of the Argandab that intersect the city. The southern side of this vast area is 1300 feet, the northern 1100 feet, the eastern 1600 feet, and the western (which is, in fact, two sides meeting in a large angle) 1900 feet, in length. There are four great gates in this extensive city wall (*shuhur punah*). The northern is entitled the Eedgah; the southern, the Shikarpore; the eastern, the Cabool; the western, the Herat, gate. Besides these, there are two less considerable portals in the eastern and western fronts of fortification, denominated the Berdurani and the Topkhanee, or artillery. The parapet is battlemented, loop-holed, and pierced, as is the custom in Asiatic fortresses, with apertures for the purposes of throwing vertical missiles into the ditch. The towers, including those over the gates and at the four grand angles of the place, are sixty-two in number, and guns might have been mounted on these, as the rampart is wide, and there are good embrasures in the parapet; but such has been the neglect of the Barakzais that we found their artillery, consisting of some twenty indifferent pieces, parked in the open space in front of their citadel. That defense consists of an inner quadrangle of 200 yards retrenched in the centre of the northern face. Within its inclosure are the several courts and apartments of the royal palace, lately usurped, together with the rule of their master, by the brothers of FUTTEH Khan. Its wall is protected on three sides by a good fosse, there is a large bastion in its southern face, and four small towers flank its eastern and four more its western front. The principal angles of the



CANDAHAR—INTERIOR OF THE CITADEL.

outer wall of the city are covered with circular counter-guards. Such, as a place of strength, is Candahar. Even if treachery and pusillanimity had not opened its gates to us, it is not probable it could long have resisted the fire of our batteries and the onset of our troops. The Sirdars might, if they had acted with ordinary resolution, have got together a garrison of 3000 or 4000 troops, for which force they had ample supplies for a full month at least; but there is nothing in the nature of the bulwarks of this capital, or in the character of its constituted defenders, to have saved it from the rapid fall by which two of the strongholds of Central Asia have since been prostrated. Its gates are as vulnerable as those of Ghazni or Khelat; and in any event an extensive wall, flanked only by very paltry towers, could not have offered a protracted resistance to its assailants if they had proceeded by the slower methods of a regular siege."

In a history of Afghanistan, published only two years ago, Colonel MALLESON gives a description of the city which is of interest at this moment. He says: "The town of Candahar, situated at the foot of the Tarnah Valley, is separated from the river of that name by a short range of hills which divide the lower part of the valley, and run parallel with the river for about twenty miles. Candahar is encompassed on three sides by high, sharp-pointed, rocky mountains, rising abruptly from the plain. The open side is that leading along the valley of the Tarnah. A considerable portion of the valley of Candahar is, in an ordinary way, fertile and well cultivated. It can boast of rich meadows, gardens, orchards filled with fruit trees, fields of corn, barley, lucern, clover, and watered by numerous canals, fed through the break in the hills by the waters of the Argandab, one of the tributaries of the Helmund. These cultivated lands are chiefly on the southwestern and western sides of the town. Three or four miles to the east the traveller encounters a portion of a cheerless plain, covered with stones, and scantily supplied with water. The town of Candahar is large and populous. Its form is that of an oblong square, 2000 by 1600 yards (about a mile square). Situated on the north side of the extensive plain called after the town, about two miles from the lofty mountain called Bala Wali, it is surrounded by a high but thin and weak wall with several bastions. Its walls are thirty feet high. The four principal bazars, or streets, lead from the gateways, and meet nearly in the centre of the town in a large circular building, covered with a dome about 120 feet in diameter, called the *Charsu*. This place is surrounded by shops, and it is regarded as a public market-place. The streets which converge in it divide the town into four nearly equal districts. The other streets in the town are mere lanes, formed by the narrow space between the high houses—houses far more lofty than those of the principal streets. The climate of Candahar is very dry, and in every respect superior to that of Hindostan......Corn and most of the necessaries of life are dear at Candahar. Firewood is also very scarce. It is difficult to fix the number of inhabitants. It seems to be acknowledged, however, that the population is in excess of that of Herat. If the Heratis may be estimated, as they have been, at 45,000, the Candaharis may possibly number 60,000."

H. B. BIGELOW.—Photographed by F. A. Bowman.

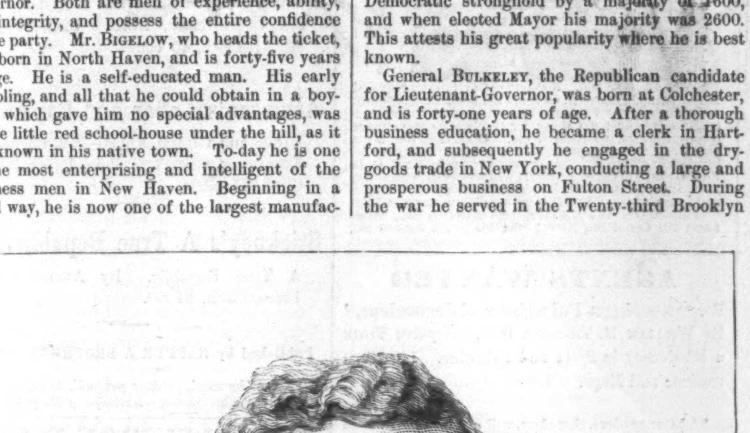
W. H. BULKELEY.—Photographed by Olsen.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

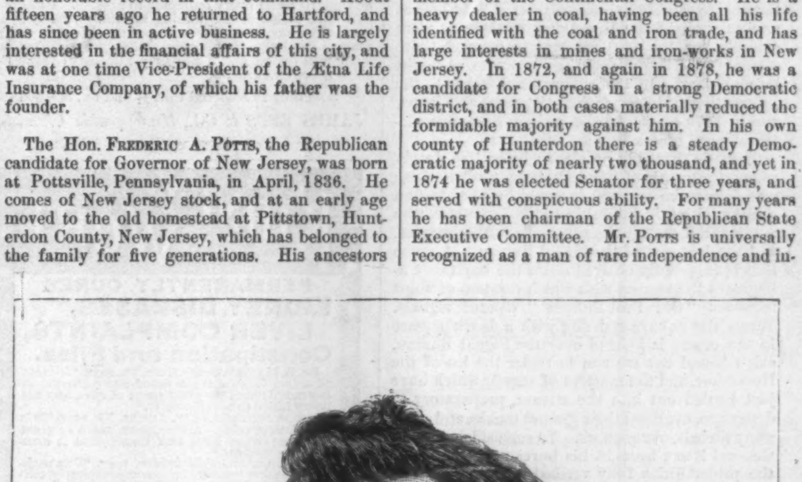
The Republicans of Connecticut are fortunate in their candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. Both are men of experience, ability, and integrity, and possess the entire confidence of the party. Mr. Bigelow, who heads the ticket, was born in North Haven, and is forty-five years of age. He is a self-educated man. His early schooling, and all that he could obtain in a boyhood which gave him no special advantages, was in the little red school-house under the hill, as it was known in his native town. To-day he is one of the most enterprising and intelligent of the business men in New Haven. Beginning in a small way, he is now one of the largest manufacturers of steam-engines, boilers, and general machinery in the State. He has served the city of New Haven in various positions, and is now Mayor. In 1875 he was elected to the Legislature in that Democratic stronghold by a majority of 1600, and when elected Mayor his majority was 2600. This attests his great popularity where he is best known.

General Bulkeley, the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, was born at Colchester, and is forty-one years of age. After a thorough business education, he became a clerk in Hartford, and subsequently he engaged in the dry-goods trade in New York, conducting a large and prosperous business on Fulton Street. During the war he served in the Twenty-third Brooklyn Regiment as a commissioned officer, establishing an honorable record in that command. About fifteen years ago he returned to Hartford, and has since been in active business. He is largely interested in the financial affairs of this city, and was at one time Vice-President of the Ætna Life Insurance Company, of which his father was the founder.

The Hon. Frederic A. Potts, the Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey, was born at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, in April, 1836. He comes of New Jersey stock, and at an early age moved to the old homestead at Pittstown, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, which has belonged to the family for five generations. His ancestors were Quakers, and his great-grandfather was a member of the Continental Congress. He is a heavy dealer in coal, having been all his life identified with the coal and iron trade, and has large interests in mines and iron-works in New Jersey. In 1872, and again in 1878, he was a candidate for Congress in a strong Democratic district, and in both cases materially reduced the formidable majority against him. In his own county of Hunterdon there is a steady Democratic majority of nearly two thousand, and yet in 1874 he was elected Senator for three years, and served with conspicuous ability. For many years he has been chairman of the Republican State Executive Committee. Mr. Potts is universally recognized as a man of rare independence and in-



FREDERIC A. POTTS.—Photographed by Kurtz.



THE LATE GENERAL ALBERT J. MYER.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 590.]

tegrity of character, and his sound judgment and straightforward methods have contributed to his success as a business man and legislator.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL MYER.

No man in this country probably was more widely known than Brigadier-General ALBERT J. MYER, Chief Signal Officer of the United States, who died at Buffalo, New York, August 24, after a severe illness. Everybody knew "Old Probabilities," as he was called, and the tidings of his death were read with painful interest in many households.

General MYER was born at Newburg, New York, September 20, 1828. He was graduated at Geneva College in 1847, and took the degree of M.D. at the University of Buffalo in 1851. Three years later he was appointed as an Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army, but from 1858 to 1860 he was on special duty in the Signal Service. In the latter year he was raised to the rank of Major, and made Chief Signal Officer. He then served in New Mexico and the Rocky Mountains until May, 1861. In June following he was made Signal Officer on General BUTLER's staff at Fortress Monroe, and was afterward attached to General MCCLELLAN's staff. As Chief Signal Officer he took part in nearly all the engagements during the Peninsular campaign. In November, 1865, he took charge of the Signal Office at Washington. There his work was particularly valuable, and he was successively brevetted as Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and Brigadier-General, the last brevet being for "distinguished services in organizing, instructing, and commanding the Signal Service of the Army, and for its special service on October 5, 1864, the day on which the post and garrison at Allatoona, Georgia, and a most valuable depository of provisions there, attacked by the rebel army, were saved by troops brought up by signals just in time to defend it, the messages being sent over the heads of the enemy, and when communication in any other way was impossible." He was made Colonel and Chief Signal Officer in July, 1866, and at once introduced a full course of study of signals at West Point and Annapolis. By virtue of an act of Congress, approved February 9, 1870, he was charged with the special duties of observing and giving notice by telegraph and signals of the approach and force of storms on the Northern lakes and sea-coast, and at the military posts in the interior, and at other points in the States and Territories. He organized the Meteorological Division of the Signal Office, being assigned to duty according to his commission as Brigadier-General in June, 1871. By an act approved March 3, 1873, he was placed in charge of the special duties of telegraphing, etc., being authorized to establish signal stations at light-houses and at such of the life-saving stations as were suitable for the purpose, and to connect these stations by telegraph with such points as might be necessary. In 1873 he was a delegate to the International Meteorological Congress at Vienna, and in 1879 he visited the various European meteorological offices.

There is probably no class who will so deeply regret the death of "Old Probabilities" as those who follow the sea, and it would be hard to find a sailor, either in the cabin or the forecastle, who is not familiar with the square flags, the burgees, and the lanterns of the Signal Bureau. A scene that is frequently enacted down the bay fairly illustrates the respect with which masters of ships regarded "Old Probabilities'" danger signals. When the square red flag with a black square in the centre is hoisted over the Signal Bureau, ships bound out are run in under the lee of the Horseshoe, and the masters of vessels which have just hauled out into the stream, preparatory to departure, overhaul their ground tackle, and clear away their bower anchors. To such efficiency had General MYER brought his bureau that last year the probabilities fully verified amounted to seventy per cent., while those that were verified in part amounted to twenty per cent., and those that failed were only ten per cent.

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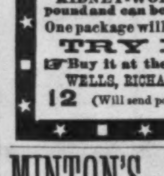

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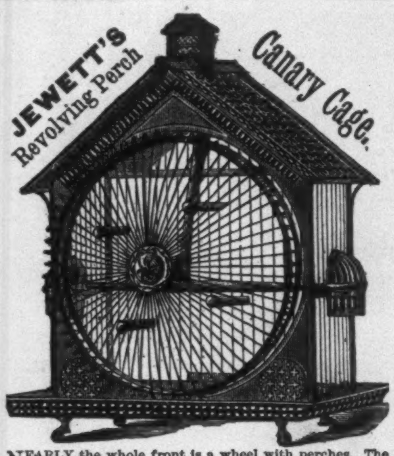

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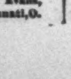

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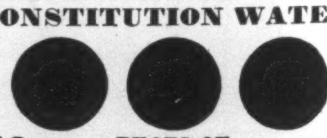

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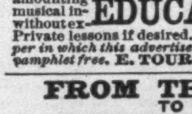

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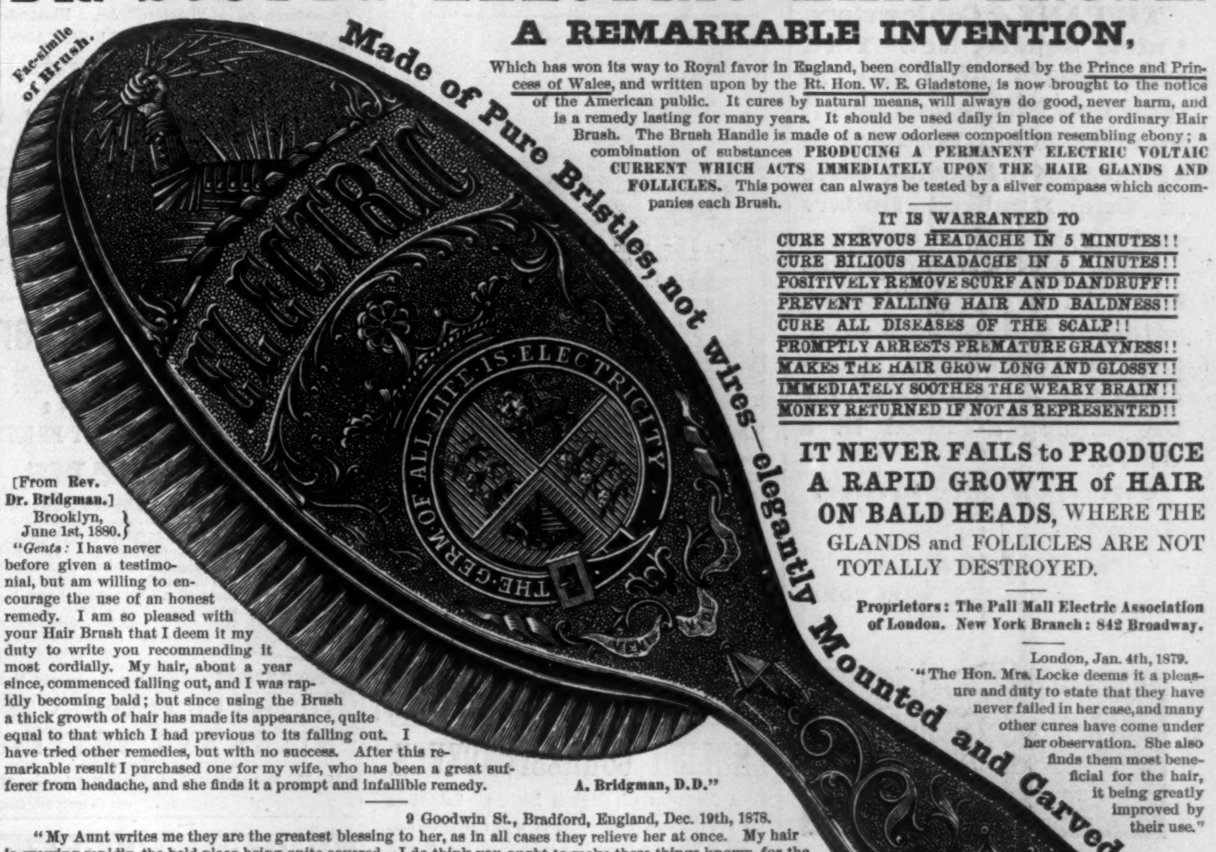

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